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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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THE STANDARD.

ANTI-SLAVERY FESTIVAL

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE
TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE FORMATION OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT BY MR. YERRINTON.
(Continued from last week.)

SPEECH OF EDMUND QUINCY, ESQ.

Mr. Quincy, on taking the chair at the request of Mr. Garrison, President, addressed the company as follows:

I believe it is the understanding of every one enlisting in the Anti-Slavery warfare that he is to perform every service required at his hands. I think you will all agree that I am sensible of this duty, which I took upon myself when I came into this service, in the willingness I now show to occupy this place, after the gentleman whom you have called to it. Assuredly, I am ready to do my part towards assisting this Festival to a happy conclusion.

I confess, my friends, that when the idea of this Festival was first suggested, I entertained sentiments similar to those expressed by Mr. Parker in his letter—that this was not a time for rejoicing; that it was rather a time to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. But sober second-thought has led me to a more just view of the subject, and I concur with the feeling expressed by a very excellent friend, Mr. Frothingham, in the letter which has just been read to you—that this is a time for us to rejoice. If there are any people in this country who have a right to rejoice, to thank God and take courage, it is the old-fashioned Abolitionists (applause)—those who first came together five and twenty years ago, and have persisted in the good work until this day. I am sorry to say that I was not one of that number. I regret that my anti-slavery life does not extend so far back as that, and that I have no chance to have my name go down to posterity, written upon that scroll which will contain the names of the twelve who formed the original Anti-Slavery Society; for I recognise in the formation of that Society a great historical fact. A century after the birth of Washington, the true idea of the absolute equality of man in all human rights before God, without regard to complexion or race, was for the first time, on the American continent at least, recognised. A body of men, few and feeble it is true, but mighty in faith, gathered themselves together for the purpose of accomplishing the completement of the American Revolution, and to make this nation free indeed. I think that when we see what effect this movement has had over the whole country, we have reason to thank God, we have reason to take courage; and that, to-night, we eat and we drink "to the glory of God" (applause).

There is another thing which comforts and delights my heart to-night, and that is, to think that we are meeting here in this Hall. When we remember that the child who was born on the day when Peleg Sprague and Harrison Gray Otis stood on this platform, for the very purpose of arousing a mob to put down the freedom of the press; when they met here with the almost expressed and avowed, but certainly with the positive and absolute intention of assisting the slaveholder to keep the slave in his chains forever; when we remember, I say, that the child which was born that day has but just attained its majority this year—and remember that this Society, which Harrison Gray Otis and his police searched through the streets of Boston to find, and at last discovered, in an obscure garret, with only one young printer and a negro boy, is here to-night in that very Hall, performing, as it were, a great lustration, a great service of purification, to make this Hall clean again—this is something to be grateful for, and to encourage our hearts (cheers).

My friends, perhaps you are aware that I do not usually delight to see that picture in this place [turning to the *great* painting of Webster replying to Hayne]. I have been sometimes classed with various orders of natural history, in consequence of some things which I have said touching that celebrated person. I have been called a wolf, a hyena; and, not satisfied with that, they have gone to the fictions of the Arabian desert, and have classed me with those demons who live by feasting upon the dead, and so I have been called a ghoul! though I humbly conceive I have done nothing with regard to that celebrated person that was not strictly in order on the platform of history. I hold that a man, living or dead, is entitled to justice—no more, and no less (applause). And if to deal justly with a man who is dead is to be a wolf, a hyena, a ghoul, I thank God for these epithets (cheers). However, that was not what I meant to say. I do not rejoice in the act which has thrust aside the great men, the fathers of the Revolution, to give place to this acre of bad painting (laughter and applause). It is an insult to the city of Boston and the State of Massachusetts, and I trust I shall live to see the day—as I know I shall, if I live out the age of man—when these walls will be relieved of that infamy, and the true fathers of the country will be reinstated in their places (loud applause). But to-night, my friends, I am not sorry. I relish the idea that Daniel Webster, and Peleg Sprague, and Judge Woodbury, and the rest of those men, slaveholders and the advocates or apologists for slavery, are looking down upon us to-night. I do not think there is any sight they could see that would so stir their bile, that would afflict their righteous souls so much, as to see the Abolitionists, the primitive, original Abolitionists of Massachusetts, gathered together on a festive occasion in Faneuil Hall, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the inception of that movement which they dreaded so much in the beginning, and which they have striven against so bitterly unto this day. I know it is a good sight for them to see, and to-night I forgive the presence of the picture; but my forgiveness will pass away with the occasion, and my contempt and hatred of it, and of the feelings which have induced that insult to the city and the State, will revive (applause).

I am undertaking to do, however, what is not precisely in order; for I believe that the President, on such an occasion as this, is in a position answerable to that of Speaker in a deliberative assembly. He is called a "Speaker," *Quasi lucus a non lucendo*, because he is not allowed to speak (laughter and applause). I shall, therefore, proceed to the performance of the proper duties of my office, by being, not eloquent myself, but the cause of eloquence in others. I will propose, if you please, this sentiment: *The new chapter in the History of America*, which was opened twenty-five years ago by the organization of the New England Anti-Slavery Society—may it soon be closed with the record of the accomplishment of its object, the complete, peaceful, unconditional abolition of American slavery (loud cheers).

There is but one man, my friends, who is entitled to answer to that sentiment, and that is the man who laid the corner-stone of the Anti-Slavery edifice—that temple on the walls of which we have been labouring, and on which such multitudes are now engaged, with various implements and in different ways. There is but one man, I say, who has a right to answer to this toast, and that is he who, a year before the formation of this Society, established the first anti-slavery paper in this country, with less than nothing, and without even the ghost of a subscription list, and who, by his labours during that year, created the material out of which the New England Society was formed, five and twenty years ago. I need hardly say that it is Mr. Garrison (prolonged cheering) whom I call upon to speak to it.

SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Having just vacated the chair, on account of physical debility, my part on this occasion must be a very subordinate one.

The specific object which has brought us together is to commemorate the organization of the first Anti-Slavery Society in this country, on the basis of immediate and unconditional emancipation. Up to that period, there had been various Societies formed in different parts of the land—a few even in the slave States—with reference either to the abolition of slavery, at some indefinite period, or to the elevation and improvement of the free people of colour. But they had no principle at their foundation—indeed, they had no foundation. The old delusive doctrine of gradual emancipation was the doctrine of the times; and while almost everybody was declaring the existence of slavery to be a sore evil and a great calamity, so almost every one was affirming that it would be a very dangerous thing to let all the slaves loose at once, with none of the restraints of mastership upon them. Of course, under these circumstances, no progress was made in changing public sentiment at the North, or in affecting the opinions of slaveholders at the South. Of course, it was shooting arrows at the sun—not one of them could reach the mark; and though the persons engaged in those associations were unquestionably actuated by a deep sympathy for the enslaved, still, as they permitted the slaveholder to retain his slaves for the time being, they made no impression upon conscience, and nothing effectual was done. Of all these Societies, I believe not one is now in existence, except the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, which was organized in the days of Benjamin Franklin, and of which he was the honoured President as long as he lived. But even that Society had more to do with those who were out of the house of bondage, though identified with the slaves by complexion, than with the abolition of slavery in the Southern portion of the republic.

In was in the year 1829, at Baltimore, that the flag of Immediate Emancipation was unfurled to the breeze for the first time; and then commenced that agitation which has since been growing more and more violent, until the whole land rocks as by a mighty earthquake. It proved to be the spear of Ithuriel, which, touching the toad of slavery, caused it to start up in its own devilish shape. Then began a fierce and wide-spread persecution, and soon the waves of pro-slavery violence swept over the land with the force of Niagara, carrying everything before them for the time being.

On the first of January, 1831, the first number of *The Liberator* was published in this city. During that year, efforts were made to organize an Anti-Slavery Association; but the whole year elapsed before even an apostolic number could be found willing to strike hands with each other, and take up this cause in the face of popular obloquy. I have before me the original records of this Society, as contained in this little book, which my esteemed friend, Francis Jackson, carefully preserves in his iron safe against all "incendiarism" (laughter and applause). I will read therefrom a few extracts, to show you, briefly and precisely, when and how this organized movement originated.

A preliminary meeting for conference was held at the office of Samuel E. Sewall, Esq., 21 State street, Dec. 16, 1831. The following persons were present: David Lee Child, Ellis Gray Loring, Samuel E. Sewall, Robert B. Hall, Oliver Johnson, Isaac Child, Joshua Coffin, John Cutts Smith, Isaac Knapp and Wm. Lloyd Garrison. D. L. Child acted as chairman, and S. E. Sewall as secretary. Messrs. D. L. Child, Sewall, Garrison, Loring and Johnson were chosen a committee to prepare a Constitution for an Anti-Slavery Society, "whose objects should be to benefit the coloured population of the United States, bond and free, and to enlighten the public mind with respect to their true condition," &c.

The second meeting was held Jan. 1, 1832, at the same place, at which were present D. L. Child, Robert B. Hall, Alonzo Lewis of Lynn, J. Cutts Smith, Joshua Coffin, William J. Snelling, Isaac Knapp, Dr. Abner Phelps, Rev. Abijah Blanchard, Dr. Gamaliel Bradford, Ellis Gray Loring, Samuel E. Sewall, Isaac Child and Wm. Lloyd Garrison. The committee on the Constitution reported a Preamble and Constitution. The Preamble not being acceptable, it was recommitted. The Constitution was discussed and amended, when an adjournment was moved and carried.

The third meeting was held Jan. 6, 1832, in the school-room underneath the African Baptist Church in Belknap street. It was purposely held in that little room, and that obscure part of the city, with reference to the historical significance of the event. The following white persons were present, besides a number of coloured citizens: David Lee Child, Samuel E. Sewall, Thos. R. Sewall, Ellis Gray Loring, Isaac Child, Robert B. Hall, Joshua Coffin, William J. Snelling, Oliver Johnson, Arnold Buffum, John E. Fuller, Moses Thacher, Benjamin C. Bacon, Stillman B. Newcomb, Isaac Knapp, Henry K. Stockton, and William Lloyd Garrison. The committee on the Preamble reported a new draft, which was discussed, amended, and with the Constitution adopted, as follows:

PREAMBLE.

We, the undersigned, hold that every person of full age and sane mind has a right to immediate freedom from personal bondage of whatsoever kind, unless imposed by the sentence of the law for the commission of some crime; that man cannot, consistently with reason, religion, and the eternal and immutable principles of justice, be the property of man; that whoever retains his fellow-man in bondage is guilty of a grievous wrong; that a mere difference of complexion is no reason why any man should be deprived of any of his natural rights, or subjected to any political disability.

While we advance these opinions as the principles on which we intend to act, we declare that we will not operate on the existing relations of society by other than peaceful means, and that we will give no countenance to violence or insurrection.

CONSTITUTION.

Article 1. This Society shall be called the New England Anti-Slavery Society.

Article 2. The object of the Society shall be to endeavour, by all means sanctioned by law, humanity and religion, to effect the abolition of slavery in the United States; to improve the character and condition of the free people of colour; to inform and correct public opinion in relation to their situation, rights and privileges with the whites.

It happened that, of the persons present, only twelve were then prepared to sign the Constitution—all white persons. It was an apostolic number, indicating that it was a nation dead in trespasses and sins to be called to repentance in the old apostolic manner, with all fidelity and at all hazards. Again, it was the number legally required to constitute a jury, whose business it was to sit in judgment on the guilt of the country, for holding one-sixth portion of the people in fetters, and to pronounce sentence of condemnation accordingly (applause).

Some of our friends earnestly urged the omission of the shibboleth IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION, contending that it would excite general alarm and opposition, and thus prevent any accession to our ranks; whereas, by striking it out, we could not fail to establish ultimately a flourishing Society. To this it was replied, that no doubt, by taking such a course, we might greatly increase; but in that case, we should be only occupying the ground which every man in the country professedly stood upon, at that time, and chasing the same phantom of "gradualism" to no purpose, and at the sacrifice of principle. It was strongly urged, moreover, that it would be alike unwise and unjust to say that whoever retained his brother in bondage was guilty of a grievous wrong, for there were exceptional cases. Now how tame that language sounds! For, if he who knocks an inoffensive man down is guilty of a grievous wrong, how much more when he takes away the rights and liberty of his victim after he is down, and makes him a chattel slave! This point could not be yielded, painful as it was to differ from those beloved friends, and to lose their coöperation on that occasion. Happily, they soon saw their error, and became the most prominent and useful members in the Society.

The following are the names of the individuals who signed the Constitution:

Wm. Lloyd Garrison,	Joshua Coffin,
Oliver Johnson,	Stillman B. Newcomb,
Robert B. Hall,	Benjamin C. Bacon,
Arnold Buffum,	Isaac Knapp,
John E. Fuller,	William J. Snelling,
Moses Thacher,	Henry K. Stockton.

Of this number, Messrs. Snelling, Knapp and Stockton have witnessed "the last of earth."

The following persons were elected officers of the Society:

President—Arnold Buffum. (1.)
Vice-Presidents—James C. Odiorne, Alonzo Lewis.
Corresponding Secretary—Wm. Lloyd Garrison.
Recording Secretary—Joshua Coffin.
Treasurer—Michael H. Simpson.
Counsellors—Moses Thacher, John E. Fuller, Oliver Johnson, Robert B. Hall, (2.) Benjamin C. Bacon and John Stimpson.

The first public meeting of the Society was held on the 29th of January, in the Essex street Church (the only one accessible at that time, the present pastor of which is Rev. Nehemiah Adams!), when a very able address was delivered by Rev. Moses Thacher, of which one thousand copies were printed and widely circulated, with great benefit to the anti-slavery cause. Mr. Thacher was at that time the editor of a Hopkinsian journal in this city, entitled *The Boston Telegraph*, and, both by his pen and voice, boldly advocated the right of the oppressed to immediate and unconditional emancipation. His labours were invaluable at that period. Other public addresses were soon afterwards delivered in the same church, by Arnold Buffum and Robert B. Hall. The first agents of the Society were Arnold Buffum and Oliver Johnson. They did much by their lectures to call public attention to the subject of slavery.

The earliest honorary members of the Society were Arthur Tappan and Rev. George Bourne, of New York; William Rawle (the distinguished jurist and philanthropist), of Philadelphia; Rev. Samuel J. May and Rev. Simeon S. Jocelyn, of Connecticut; Hon. Samuel C. Crafts, Rev. William A. Chapin, Hon. Augustine Clark and Hazen Merrill, of Vermont; the venerable Moses Brown, of Providence, R. I.; William Wilberforce, Thomas Clarkson, John Ridgway, William Ridgway and Josiah Wedgewood, of England.

The first considerable donation to the Society was made by John Kenrick, Esq., of Newton, amounting to $150. In "the day of small things," it was a sum of great value. At the first annual meeting of the Society, in 1833, Mr. Kenrick was elected its President, in the place of Arnold Buffum, resigned.

At the same meeting (Jan. 9, 1833), on motion of William Lloyd Garrison, it was

"Resolved, That the formation of a National Anti-Slavery Society is essential to the complete regeneration of public sentiment on the subject of slavery, and to the speedy overthrow of that iniquitous system; and that the Board of Managers be authorized to call a national meeting of the friends of abolition, for the purpose of organizing such a Society, at such time and place as they shall deem expedient."

In April, 1833, the Society gave its countenance to a mission to England, partly with reference to obtaining funds for a Manual Labour School, and partly with reference to undeceiving the Abolitionists of England, in regard to the real character and designs of the American Colonization Society. Having been chosen the delegate on that mission, I will here say, without going into particulars, that it was found unadvisable to ask for aid in England for the School, at that time; consequently, no funds were ever collected for it, and the scheme fell through. But the result of the mission, as concerning the Colonization Society, was eminently successful.

On my return from England, I renewed the project for forming a National Anti-Slavery Society; and, in the month of December, 1833, a Convention was called in Philadelphia for that purpose, which resulted in the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The Society, whose twenty-fifth anniversary (since its formation), we are assembled here to commemorate, dropped its original title, the New England Anti-Slavery Society, and called itself the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, making itself auxiliary to the American Society. So rapidly did our sentiments spread over the free States, that we were enabled to put upon record the formation of something like two thousand Anti-Slavery Societies—State, county, town, &c.—before the unhappy division which took place in our ranks in 1840, through sectarian bigotry, and which greatly impoverished our resources and weakened our efforts for the abolition of slavery; from the effect of which our cause has never recovered. It is my conviction, in view of the wonderful progress we had made up to that time, that if the division had not taken place, and we had remained united as we began, we should have had, ere this, such a change in the public sentiment of the North as, perhaps, would have settled the question before the present time, and emancipated every slave in the land.

This division took place, ostensibly, on the question of allowing woman to raise her voice in behalf of the down-trodden and dumb slave. It will be deemed almost incredible, hereafter, that such could have been the fact. Not that the American Anti-Slavery Society undertook to determine the rights of woman, beyond its own limits, and its own beneficent object, but the spirit of religious intolerance rose up and said, "No woman, connected with the Society, shall be permitted to speak in public for the slave, or even to act upon any committee, because it is contrary to Scripture." The first division took place in this Society in 1839; the next, in the American Society at New York, in 1840. I need not ask you how stands the question of Woman's Rights at the present time.

Mr. President, it would be highly interesting, if there were time, and I were at all prepared to go into the particulars of our great movement, through all its eventful stages, to show what cause we have for rejoicing, in view of the wonderful progress that has been made. Truly, the cloud that was at first not larger than a man's hand, now covers our whole American horizon.

On this occasion, it is proper that at least a passing reference should be made to some of those who, having espoused our cause at an early period, laboured well and faithfully until they were called from earth to a higher and nobler sphere of action. I doubt not they are with us to-night in spirit, giving us their benediction, and bidding us not to be weary in well-doing.

An early, disinterested friend of the cause was lost in the person of my former partner in business, Isaac Knapp. He was a young man, a native of Newburyport (my own birth-place), a printer like myself, who readily joined me in establishing *The Liberator*, with a hearty willingness to encounter whatever of hardship and self-denial there might be in the undertaking, and who took his share of the burden, nobly, generously. I will not say, that if he had not joined me at a particular moment, I never should have started *The Liberator*—I am hardly prepared to say that; but I may say, that had he replied, in answer to my letter urging him to join me in that undertaking, "No—the project is hopeless—it is chimerical to think of it," I might have been disheartened, and prevented from going forward. But he sent me a cheering word; he said, "Do not falter, do not give up; I will come and join you, and go on to the end" (applause).

Another person who was of considerable service was Mr. Henry K. Stockton, the publisher of the *Boston Telegraph*, who never knew what flinching meant.

William J. Snelling was another zealous and decided advocate of the slave, and the author of the preamble which I have read to you, and which occasioned the temporary division in our little forces at the African school-room. He was a man of much literary ability.

John Kenrick, of Newton, a venerable and noble philanthropist, was the second President of our Society, and was in office when he was called to his final account. He commenced his warfare against slavery as early as the time of the Missouri Compromise, in 1819-'20. He expended several hundred dollars in publishing anti-slavery tracts suited to the times, sending them to members of Congress at Washington, and to men of influence in various parts of the country. He very warmly gave us his support, not only by word of mouth, but by generous donations to the Society from time to time.

Another who was called to leave us in the hottest of the strife, and who was among the earliest to take the field, was Henry E. Benson, for a time Secretary of the Society. He was a highly promising young man, with a spirit ready for any trial, and wholly consecrated to this noble work of mercy. I will not dwell upon his case. There are ties too near to permit me to do so; but when he departed, we lost "a bright particular star."

We can never forget our tried and inflexible friend, Henry G. Chapman, for many years the faithful Treasurer of our Society, whose example and position were of rare service at that time. Nor can we forget his sainted father, mother and sister, who are all gone to their reward; gone to receive the plaudit—"Well done, good and faithful servants; enter ye in to the joy of your Lord." They gave to the cause their money, their testimony, their example, their position in society—great gifts, and worthy of all panegyric.

What a noble, world-embracing soul left us when the dear, sainted Follen was called away! How early he took up his cross, for the sake of the suffering bondmen in our land! How early and how often he came to me in my humble retreat, and gave me his words of cheer, and went forth, looking obloquy and proscription serenely in the face, and sacrificing his professional life at Harvard, rather than to be false to the cause of Liberty which he had so earnestly espoused in the Old World, and would not turn his back upon in the New (applause).

We lost a noble youth, full of the richest promise, in the person of S. Oliver Torrey, whose early death was so feelingly commemorated in immortal verse by the poet of Freedom, John G. Whittier:

> "Gone before us, O our brother,
> To the spirit-land!
> Vainly look we for another
> In thy place to stand.
> Who shall offer youth and beauty
> On the wasting shrine
> Of a stern and lofty duty,
> With a faith like thine?
>
> *　　*　　*　　*
>
> Peace be with thee, O our brother,
> In the spirit-land!
> Vainly look we for another
> In thy place to stand.
> Unto Truth and Freedom giving
> All thy early powers,
> Be thy virtues with the living,
> And thy spirit ours!"

Our cause met with another severe bereavement in the death of our beloved friend, Catharine Sargent, of this city, whose gifts to bond and free were frequent and generous, and whose interest in behalf of suffering humanity, universally, was an unquenchable flame.

In the removal of John M. Fiske, of Worcester County, the slave lost an inflexible and tried friend, who, though called to pass through a fiery ordeal of religious proscription, in his own vicinity, in consequence of his abolitionism, remained true to the last.

In Father Snowden, whose venerable form will be remembered by many, we ever found a most zealous coadjutor, who was always invoking the blessings of Heaven upon this Society, and praying that God would send a fair wind to his Majesty's ship, the "Buzzard," engaged on the African coast in the suppression of the piratical slave trade.

James G. Barbadoes was another coloured friend, whose zeal and fidelity remained true to the last. He was for several years a respected member of the Board of Managers.

More recently, we have lost a firm friend in Deacon John Rogers, of this city, who began early and continued late in the good cause, and for many years was also a member of the Board. I believe he was a descendant of the veritable John Rogers, burned at Smithfield. I know he had so much of the martyr spirit in him as never to have faltered in the path of anti-slavery duty.

Among the most revered of our number was that patriarchal, good old man, Seth Sprague, of Duxbury, whose presence was ever a benediction, whose faculties time left unimpaired to the close of his long and useful life, who added to the wisdom of age the fire and enthusiasm of youth, and whose latest watchword was, "*No Union with Slaveholders!*"

I might allude to another who, though he did not continue with us to the end, but became alienated by sectarian narrowness of mind, was, for a considerable time, of immense service to our cause in its infancy. I refer to the late Rev. Amos A. Phelps, who lost his pulpit in this city, in consequence of preaching an anti-slavery gospel, and who published a work, in 1833, elucidating the nature of slavery, the sin of making property of man, and the duty of immediate emancipation, in a manner so masterly as never to have been surpassed by any writer since that time. The book, although a small one, was, in fact, an encyclopedia of fact, argument, illustration and logic.

Mr. President, the list might be greatly extended; but passing from those who have gone from us, let us turn, for a moment, to the living. I wish here to pay my respectful homage and grateful tribute to all who, at that early period, or at a later day, were ready to espouse our still unpopular movement, and to give me the right hand of fellowship, in the good work of abolishing American slavery. Time will not allow me to go into particulars, nor can I do any justice to my feelings. Yet a few personal references may be pardoned on an occasion like this. You spoke, sir [Mr. Quincy], of not having the honour of being one of the original twelve. No matter. He who comes in at the eleventh hour is just as worthy of his reward as he who began with the beginning (applause). I know when you did begin. It was not in the eleventh hour, nor in the hour of triumph; it was not when all was calm and sunshine; it was not when popularity had begun to perch upon our standard. Sir, you joined us in the darkest hour; in times when the spirit of violence swept everywhere over the land, with irresistible and demoniacal fury. I appeal to those who hear me, whether there has been any one in our ranks who has stood more erect, whose vision has been more clear, or whose fidelity to the cause has been more admirable, than our honoured chairman, Edmund Quincy (loud cheers). I think he is a large chip of a noble block—a block of genuine *Quincy* granite (renewed applause).

Here is my beloved and eloquent friend Wendell Phillips (loud cheers). He was not in the little school-room, nor with the twelve who signed the Constitution. What then? He has more than made up for it since; yes, many times over (applause). But he was no laggard, having espoused the cause in a most trying hour. I think we may rely upon him to the end, come what may (cheers).

There is this to be said in regard to most of us: we belonged to the "dead level of humanity." We had no position in society, no influential connections, to hold us back, or to sacrifice; but with regard to him on my left hand (Mr. Quincy), and him on my right hand (Mr. Phillips), they had everything to tempt them to turn aside, and refuse to take up the cross. I do not like to praise men in their presence; but I did want to say this much of those who have shown themselves to be above that "fear of man which bringeth a snare" (loud applause). I must also be permitted to refer to our honoured friend Francis Jackson, the President of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society (applause). I thank God he "still lives"! (Renewed applause.) He has been a pillar of strength and glory in the cause ever since his espousal of it under such memorable circumstances in the mobocratic times of 1835. What firmness, what fidelity, what liberality of heart and purse, have characterized his course since he first put his hand to the plough! And he has never once looked back. God bless him! Yes; God *will* bless him; and the blessings of those who are ready to perish shall rest upon his honoured head!

Indulging in personal recollections like these, it would be unpardonable in me not to mention the name and services of Samuel J. May, who expected to be with us to-night, but whom a just concern for the health of his invalid son has obliged to hasten to Syracuse without delay. I had relied upon him to give us some most interesting reminiscences on this occasion, and deeply regret the necessity of his absence. For warmth of soul, for moral intrepidity, for untiring devotion, in the cause of the oppressed, from the earliest period till now, I know of none more worthy of honour than Samuel J. May (applause).

Most happy, sir, am I to see with us, this evening, one to whom, personally, I am deeply indebted for the cheering countenance and aid he extended to me, even before the commencement of *The Liberator*—who gave to this Society his most zealous support, when most it needed friends—and who has adhered to our cause with absolute fidelity to his own highest convictions of duty, intimidated by no loss of professional reputation or business—I allude to my beloved friend, Samuel E. Sewall, Esq. May he live to see the successful termination of the struggle in which he so promptly enlisted at its commencement! A similar tribute do I wish to pay to my other honoured friend, who began at the "beginning of the end," Ellis Gray Loring, Esq.

Not less gratefully to be appreciated were the efforts of my early coadjutor and esteemed friend, Oliver Johnson. In clearness of vision and devotion of soul, he has ever been among the truest of the true.

And what a magnificent gift to our cause was the genius of Whittier, bursting forth like a flame, and inspiring ten thousand hearts by its electric glow! Who can measure the influence of his anti-slavery songs upon the public sentiment of the North? No bard has freedom found, in any age or clime, comparable to him.

With what sternness of purpose, and directness of speech, and fearlessness of action, did Henry C. Wright take up our cause when most despised and persecuted; and with what rare fidelity he has adhered to it as one at all times remembering those in bonds as bound with them!

But, sir, the list extends indefinitely, though confined to this State. There are many others not less worthy of remembrance, but there must be a limit to specification where so much time has already been consummed.

Yet I cannot sit down without paying my homage to the Anti-Slavery women of the Commonwealth—to the Chapmans, the Childs, the Westons, the Fosters, the Follens, the Southwicks, the Phillipses, the Sargents, the Mays, the Willeys, the Earles, and a host of others—without whose powerful coöperation, little could have been done, and whose self-sacrificing and unwearied labours, for so many years, place them rightfully in advance of all (cheers).

Here I pause, having spoken much too long, yet leaving many things unsaid which it would be most gratifying to my feelings to descant upon.

The President—I shall next call for a form of speech which I know will be recognised as the highest. I shall call upon those whose form of speech is song (applause).

The Hutchinson Family then sang "Get off the Track," which was received with great enthusiasm, the sentiment of the song harmonizing well with the spirit of the company.

The President—Well, my friends, I think the Car of Emancipation has made some progress, when, starting from the vestry of the African school-house down in Belknap street, it has at last reached this station—the station of Faneuil Hall (cheers.) It has not got to the terminus, by any means; but it has made very important progress, when it puts on the breaks for a moment, and stops, for refreshment, at this station (laughter and applause).

I am happy to say, my friends, we have here to-night one of the men who first of all leaped upon the engine of this Emancipation train—one who put his hand upon it next to the Chief Engineer himself—whose name stands next to his; and to whom you will give response, not only for the fact that he commenced so early, but that he has continued so unceasingly until this day in the service of the anti-slavery cause, with such fidelity, and with such ability. I will give you this sentiment:

The Apostolic Twelve, who gathered the first Anti-Slavery Church on the principle of Immediate Abolition, a quarter of a century ago—May the faith with which they began their work soon be rewarded by becoming sight!

I call upon Oliver Johnson to address you.

SPEECH OF OLIVER JOHNSON.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: If I ever coveted the gift of eloquence I do so now. I remember well the dark, dismal night, twenty-five years ago, when, with a few others, I went to a very obscure African school-house, and aided in organizing the Anti-Slavery Society whose anniversary we are here assembled to commemorate. I remember the hopes with which we entered into that enterprise, and I believe that I may speak for those associated with me at that time, as well as for myself, when I say that we looked to the triumph of our cause in less than half the time which has since elapsed. We had no suspicion, sir, of the magnitude of the work in which we were engaged, or of the length of time which it would require to accomplish that work.

I wish it were in my power to give you some reminiscences of that occasion. I have had very little time to look back to the few documents which we have upon record, containing the facts in connection with that interesting event, and little time to consult my own memory. But one thing I remember, which occurred on the evening when we finally adopted our constitution. I remember that after we had all signed our names—twelve of us—to that instrument, Mr. Garrison said—"Friends, we meet to-night in this obscure school-house; before many years we will rock Faneuil Hall" (cheers). That prophecy was fulfilled long ago. It was fulfilled first by our enemies, next by ourselves, and is fulfilled again to-night, as I trust it will be many times more.

I thought, Mr. President, you were a little cruel upon our stately friend who looks down upon us here to-night from this canvass [Webster]. He complained, while he "yet lived," of the torment which he suffered from what he sneeringly called the "rub-a-dub of abolition." I submit whether you did not owe it to magnanimity not to disturb him more, now that he is dead, with that agitation that tormented him so while living. I hope he looks down upon this scene with different feelings from those which actuated him while in the body. I hope he has come to think better of it, as he has come to take larger views of the question.

Mr. President, I am thankful to God for the privilege of having laboured, according to my ability, in this great cause for twenty-five years. The cause owes little to me; but, sir, I owe everything to the cause—everything (loud cheers). The cause found me the slave of party and sect. It has broken the chains which bound me, and made me, I trust, God's freeman (applause). We have been accused, at various times, of hostility to the Church in this movement. I have been reminded to-night, as I have been casting my mind back upon the history of the past, of the fact, that just before the annual meeting of the New England (now the Massachusetts) Anti-Slavery Society, I was deputed as a committee to search the city of Boston for a clergyman who would consent to open that meeting with prayer; and I give you my word when I say that, making out a list of such clergymen as we supposed to be most friendly, or most likely to be friendly, to the cause—some ten or twelve—I called upon every one of them, and found not one who was willing to perform that service; and I came back to my friend—a man with whom I had been for some time intimate—Rev. Amos A. Phelps. I shall never forget the reluctance and hesitation with which he came forward to perform that service. We had no idea at that time that it would be possible to hold an anti-slavery meeting without the benediction of a clergyman. We had no conception that we had to fight this great battle with the Church, in which we have been so long engaged. We took it for granted, in the simplicity of our hearts, that we were to have the Church on our side; that whoever else might oppose us, that whatever other influence might be enlisted against us, we should at least have the Church, with her mighty influence, on our side; and if ever a party of reformers paid honest and earnest court to the clergy and the Church, we did so; and we gave up our confidence in them inch by inch, and only because we could not help it—because it became manifest to us, as we went forward in the cause, that they were apostate to the great principles of Liberty.

And let me say, Mr. President, that the American Church, in refusing its coöperation with the Anti-Slavery movement, was false, not merely to the principles of liberty, but false to the principles of Christianity which she herself professed. What did we demand? Why, sir, the very radical idea of the Anti-Slavery movement was one which the American Church had taught us. I well remember that time. The land was shaking under the influence of the Orthodox denominations. The people were excited by revivals of religion, and the clergy of the country had discovered a new truth, or resuscitated an old one, which they said had been forgotten for years—to wit: the duty of every sinner to repent *at once* of his sins. I learned that doctrine from the Church. It was preached in my ears from my boyhood up. My friend, Mr. Garrison, learned it there, I am sure. We simply took the old, radical idea which the Church had taught us with regard to sin in general, and applied it to the sin of slavery; and and we called upon the slaveholder to repent, and upon the nation to repent of its sins. This was the substance of our fanaticism. For this we were mobbed, persecuted, from city to city; and I am reminded here to-night of one event which followed the organization of this Society, and that is, the effort of a Judge, then upon the bench in this city, to procure the indictment of *The Liberator* and of the Abolitionists at common law. I allude to Judge Thatcher, then sitting upon the bench of the Municipal Court. His charge to the Grand Jury, in 1832, will be rembered by all those who are familiar with the cause in its early history. He contended that it was the duty of the courts and juries at the North to see to it that no incendiary documents were issued at the North for the purpose of stirring up excitement at the South. Now, what a change! True, our cause is far from its triumph, but how much has been done! The day of mobs has gone by, I trust. We have stern conflicts yet before us, and my prayer to God is, that we may all be found faithful (applause).

Mr. President, I could detain you long; but I think I shall best subserve the edification of this assembly, if, consuming no more of these precious moments, I yield the floor to abler advocates of the cause.

The President—My friends, Mr. Johnson gave expression to a feeling which I am sure is appreciated by us all, and that is, that whether we have done, or shall ever do, any good to the slave by enlisting in the Anti-Slavery movement, we have done an infinite good to ourselves; and it will be perceptible in future times. If it were possible that the Anti-Slavery movement could fail of final success (which, thank God! is not possible, as long as He sits on the throne of the universe)—if it were possible, I say, that the Anti-Slavery movement could fail, and that slavery should exist forever, and generation after generation of slaves march in chains across this continent to their graves, still, this nation and the world would owe a lasting debt to the Anti-Slavery movement, for the vindication of the freedom of the press and the freedom of speech which they have achieved (applause). It is to the Abolitionists that the North owe a free press at this moment; and it is to the Abolitionists—to their persistency, and their determination to be heard, in season and out of season, whether men would hear, or whether they would forbear—that men are indebted for the privilege of being allowed to say what they will on all subjects, throughout, at least, the Northern half of this country.

I will give you, therefore, this sentiment:

Freedom of Speech—The vindication of which has been the great incidental victory of the Anti-Slavery movement, and which would entitle it to the lasting gratitude of mankind, were it possible it should fail of its specific victory.

I am sure you will agree with me that I could call upon no one more fittingly to respond to a sentiment referring to speech, still more to freedom of speech, than Wendell Phillips (loud applause).

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. President: The first time I ever heard my voice in this Hall was at the time we were endeavouring to send to Alton a rebuke from Boston. I not know what I said, but I presume it was something fitting, for I recollect I got hissed for five minutes (applause). I do not know any better test of anti-slavery fidelity than to have found out, in our progress, by our own efforts, the obstacles to freedom in our country. Our cause has been an Education. I remember the mood in which I entered these walls. I had been here before, to listen to Sullivan, to Quincy, to Blake, to Otis, to Webster, to all the Boston orators. I supposed that I lived in a land of freedom; I have lived to learn that I live in a land of slaves. I think that the great service which these twenty-five years have rendered to freedom is to unmask the bastard Republic. The friend behind me (Mr. Garrison) unmasked the barbarism of the streets. Riot ruled through twenty-six States for years. Charles Sumner has unmasked—what shall I say?—the assassins of the Senate (applause). The great service that Massachusetts, in this cause, has rendered to the nation is that she has revealed her to herself. We did not know the atmosphere that surrounded us. This Commonwealth is called the mother of isms. It is true. She is the brain of the Union, and furnishes it with its ideas (cheers). In the great well of the Senate, which men thought a wholesome fountain of sweet water and pure air—into that great well of the Senate, full of foul gases, we dropped a great mass of dough [pointing to the picture of Webster behind him]. It did no harm; made a rumbling noise, and fell dead to the bottom. We dropped the whining spaniel, Edward Everett (laughter and applause), and heard nothing but an indistinct yelp. We dropped the soap-bubble, brilliant and gay, Winthrop, and it vanished (applause). We dropped a torch, lighted from the burning heart of Charles Sumner, and lo! an explosion! (Great applause.)

We have brought truth to reveal the riot that was all about us; that is all we have done. Twenty-five years' work to teach the nation her own state. Politics has travelled up to a certain point. It stands on the defensive. The white man has begun to feel that the chain is round his neck. As Lamartine said, "Man never fastens a chain round the heel of his fellow, that God's own hand does not fasten the other end round the neck of the oppressor." We have found it so. The North is stirred up to the defensive. Politics stands on the defensive. The bitterness of that book is, it is aggressive [alluding to the record from which Mr. Garrison had read]. Like the scroll of the prophet, the nation is forced to eat this little book. It has been trying to eat it for twenty-five years and has not yet swallowed the first word in it—"*Anti*" (loud cheers). Where stands Henry Wilson—nobly stands Henry Wilson (applause)—in the Senate of the United States? The vanguard of the political idea—on the defensive! The glory of this movement is, that it confesses its purpose—aggression—attack. We have nothing to do with defending the white man; our task is aggressive—*to free the slaves* (loud cheers). Now, politics cannot join in that effort. The defect of some of our political friends has been that of the Dutchman, who, when his cloak did not come high enough round his neck, cut off a piece from the bottom and patched it on the top; what they take from one place, they put on another; it is the same old garment, after all. The politics that is wanted is the politics that expands with the occasion, not cutting off from one end and piecing on the other.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, is barking at Wilson to-day. The dog Noble is at his old hole (applause). He thinks Garrison is in it; and Mr. Wilson is vainly telling him that Garrison is not there. The South has suspected, for years, that every politician who came to Washington brought Garrison in his coat-pocket, and, like a well-bred spaniel, she has been smelling round and round to find him. I hope some politician will go there soon, who, instead of defining and marking out his position, will say, "Gentlemen, I have got him here! (Applause.) I came on purpose to bring him! I brought him because he would not come himself!" (Loud cheers.)

Our friend [Mr. Garrison] said, in the first piece he ever wrote, "I will not apologize"! That is what we say to the men at Washington—"Don't apologize! No matter what they charge you with; no matter for whom they make you responsible. Let your fruits speak your purposes." You know there were a hundred men once who went from Racine to Milwaukee, for the purpose of freeing a fugitive slave from the United States jail. They landed on the wharf, having their own blacksmith with them; and the mob by the wayside asked, "What did you come for?" Not a word. "What are you about?" Not a syllable. Silent as their own muskets, they marched from the wharf to the jail, and the first sound that broke their silence was the blacksmith's hammer on the locks of the jail of Milwaukee; and the first human voice that was heard was that of the rejoicing fugitive, when he leapt into the arms of his friends (loud applause). Now, when we send men up to Washington, in the triumph of that politics which I hope is coming, I trust they will not try to explain how they are not Garrisonians, and why they are not Garrisonians, but, with a silence as sublime as that of the armed men of Racine, they will march to the very Bastile of American Slavery, and let the emancipated slave speak their purpose, when he kneels at the feet of our friends here, and thanks God for having given him a heart! (Prolonged applaused.)

But, my friends and Mr. President, these moments are too precious for any one of us to occupy many, and I see a great many faces before me from whom we ought to hear; and you will allow me, therefore, to hope that every one here will give his voice—short, brief, emphatic—to this rejoicing at the twenty-fifth Anniversary of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, and to hope that before it reaches another quarter century, it will be able to find its "railroad station," not here in the city of Boston, but perhaps in the capital of a glorious Northern Confederacy (enthusiastic applause). Do you ask me where we will draw the line? Anywhere! What we will make the conditions? Give the South everything, and pay the national debt beside; and give a thousand dollars a head to relieve us from the Cushings, the Hallets, the Hillards, the Everetts, and the other doughfaces (laughter and applause). But we will take the nation that has been created in these twenty-five years—the fresh, young, true, American heart, and shape institutions, not parchments; and be able to realize the dream of all our anti-slavery experience, that it will be possible, in this city of great names, so dear to us all, for any man to tell his real name on the highway, and defy the world to come and take him (applause).

What I wish to do is to stretch Massachusetts until she covers thirty-one States (cheers); and to make the old Commonwealth for that purpose so hot that neither a slaveholder nor a doughface can tread her soil. When we have done it, this Society will be a matter of history. We shall go on and claim new victories, new ideas. The great claim that I think we can make on the intellect of the country is, that to this platform is owing the only discussion of social questions that the generation has known. Let me conclude with advising every Abolitionist to shrink from no charge of introducing extraneous questions. My boast is, that when in the volumes of our statesmen—of Clay, Webster, and every other—you could find no great social question touched—when their speeches are dead, because transient—when their cowardice was apparent from the very that fact they dared not analyze the social wrongs that lay around them—the very service that has earned us the epithets of "traitor" and "infidel" is, that in an age swallowed up by materialism, smothered in old institutions, this enterprise, beginning with a single purpose, has enlarged the intellect of the continent to grapple with all social questions—Woman—Punishment—Peace—and every other great idea. These have all been kept alive in the cauldron of our agitation, and earned us, properly, deservedly, the title of "infidel" and "traitor." "Infidel" to a Church that could be at peace in the presence of sin! "Traitor" to a State that was a magnificent conspiracy against justice! (Applause.) If in the bosom of such a Church, and in the streets of such a State, there is any man reluctant to take the epithets of "traitor" and "infidel," he has not yet been baptized into the spirit which our cause demands. He has not been educated to comprehend the great social wrong that demands his efforts. Gird up your loins, and, instead of apology and excuse and extenuation, stretch out your hands and demand of Pulpit and Senate that they never forget that Garrisonianism is infidelity and is treason! (Loud applause.)

The President—The gentleman who has just taken his seat, and the gentleman who preceded him, have spoken to you often on the relation of the church and the clergy to the anti-slavery movement, and of the rebuke and the discipline which the Abolitionists have felt themselves called upon to bestow upon those institutions. Now, it is within our recollection how we have been called upon, from time to time, to unfrock the priest and excommunicate the church. It was not, however, as you well understand, from any want of reverence, originally, towards the church or the clergy, but it was owing to the position which they chose to assume towards the Anti-Slavery movement, embodying what we conceive to be the most vital truth of Christianity. Still, my friends, we have no natural antipathy to ministers, as such. We are happy to receive them on our platform, and to treat them precisely as if they were as good as any of us! We do not set ourselves up as so much better than the ministers and the church, as is sometimes pretended. Our estimation of them is entirely dependent upon how they behave themselves. If they act well their part, and are faithful to their trust, we are happy to give them an encouraging hand, and a word of comfort. I am happy to say, that we have several reverend gentlemen here this evening; and to show you how perfectly free from prejudice we are against the cloth, I shall call upon Rev. James Freeman Clarke (applause).

Mr. Clarke said: Mr. President—If I did not accept your invitation, it might be said that your declaration, that you were not bigoted, was a mere figure of speech. I must allow you to say, that a preacher actually *did* speak in your meeting.

I thought, when I received your invitation to this Hall, that I would like to write some poetry to read. I did not succeed in doing that; I have written some verses. Not exactly that; I have written some rhyme, if you will allow me to read it (applause).

[Mr. Clarke's admirable "rhyme" we published last week.]

(1.) Arnold Buffum was a member of the Society of Friends, which fact subsequently led an agent of the Colonization Society sneeringly to describe the Anti-Slavery Association as "composed of ardent young men, having more blood than brains, with a Quaker at its head, *and he a hatter*"!

(2.) Robert B. Hall ran well for a time, and was quite efficient in his labours to advance the interest of the Society. At its first anniversary, he said—

"He thought that an analogy might be traced (with reverence) between the circumstances attending the introduction of the Christian Church into the world and those which marked the rise and progress of this association. After the death of the blessed Redeemer, a few illiterate and despised men met together in an upper chamber to consult respecting the means they should employ to extend the new religion, and to supplicate the blessings of Almighty God. No pomp attended the first promulgation of their creed. The world beheld and mocked—they were stigmatized as madmen and disturbers of the peace. Persecution of every kind was employed to crush the infant religion—but in vain. It triumphed, for it was of God. So in regard to this Society. It must be confessed that its founders and first supporters were not numbered among the mighty ones; but, confiding in the justness of their cause, and in the God of Heaven, they were prepared to stand forth and meet the obloquy and scorn which they foresaw they must endure. Notwithstanding the impediments which have been thrown in their way, their course has been onward; and they feel called upon, on this occasion, to express their devout sense of gratitude to Almighty God for the success which has accompanied their labours."

Mr. Hall has for many years ceased to coöperate with this Society. He is now the Republican representative in Congress from the first District. His name is attached to the Declaration of Sentiments, adopted by the National Anti-Slavery Convention at Philadelphia, in 1833.

The President—I think, my friends, you will agree with me, that if all ministers preached sermons from notes like that, and with such an "improvement," there would be very few come-outers left (applause).

But we are not only catholic and liberal as to the church—we not only open our platform to ministers, but we invite all professions to it. We do not say, "Wo unto you, *lawyers!*" any more than "Wo unto you, *priests!*" provided they bring forth works of righteousness. Those lawyers who do truly vindicate the great majesty of law, for what it is, as the perfection of human reason, the reflection of the Divine mind, the expression of the will of God as to the civil conduct of men, and who endeavour to make use of the institutions which men have provided, in feeble approximation to the Divine law, for each other's protection, and, above all, for the protection of the weak—we welcome such men among us; we give them the right hand of fellowship; we honour the lawyer who holds up the ægis of the Common Law, which has come down to us from our old Anglo-Saxon ancestors, between the blow aimed by the master and the heart of the slave; and we welcome him to our table and our platform. And I am happy to say, we have such men. My honoured friend here on my left [Samuel E. Sewall]—how much has he done towards vindicating the rights of the fugitive slave in this city! (Cheers.) How many hearts beat quicker, how many eyes fill, at the mention of his name! Honour to him! Honour to those who have followed and who have accompanied him in this work of mercy and of justice.

We have another gentleman here, who has honourably distinguished himself in this manner; a man inferior to no member of the New England bar in his clear understanding of the true nature and objects of human law, and in his endeavours to apply the rules of law in such a manner as to accomplish the true end thereof—the protection of the weak against the strong. I call upon John A. Andrew, Esq. (cheers).

SPEECH OF J. A. ANDREW, ESQ.

Mr. President—I recognise no propriety, in "the eternal fitness of things," that, at half-past ten o'clock, and before such a company, and in presence of eloquent men, many of whom have not yet spoken, I should attempt to make a speech, and I shall not. I certainly am no orator, as Phillips is, nor am I a prophet, like Garrison; I am neither poet nor preacher, like my brother Clarke, and (saving the presence of the Chairman!) no wit, like Dr. Byles* (laughter and applause). Nor can I boast of any distinguished military honours, like my friend "General" Higginson, who serves the church militant in both colours—Sundays in black, and, I suppose, when he puts on his military dress, with his red coat on other days; belonging, as I trust, to the true church militant, and belonging also, as I trust we shall all belong, in all senses, hereafter, to the church triumphant.

I suppose, however, that my name was placed upon the list of expected speakers to-night, somewhat on the principle on which they used, some years ago, in New Hampshire, to organize their courts. In order to infuse some of the popular element into the judiciary, to make it more democratic, and perhaps more sensible, too, than it might be if composed only of men called, technically, "learned in the law," they used to place by the side of the actual judge on the bench somebody who knew nothing about law, and was, therefore, called "the ornamental justice." That did not imply that he was *good looking*, but only that he was not *useful!* (Laughter.) And by that same token, Mr. President, I may claim to consider myself only an "ornamental" speaker.

But it just occurred to me, a moment ago, that although we might deem ourselves to be surrounded by the spirit presences of great patriotic and patriarchal men, whose voices, years gone by, rang along the arches of this venerable hall, we have also the privilege of believing that we are in the immediate personal presence of men who will be great historic names in the centuries which are to come (loud applause). And differing from them, as I do, on some questions of method and policy, and some questions of mere casuistry, I am yet proud to pay my homage to those whose early prescience, whose great capacity, whose brilliant powers, whose constant fidelity, whose inextinguishable zeal, have already made the Anti-Slavery enterprise in the United States of America the most brilliant and memorable public performance of our time, and of American history (applause).

As I sit down, sir, you will permit me to recall to the memory of the audience the name of one, not an American, who, more than twenty years ago, first revealed to me the idea of an orator—one whose marvellous powers of speech attracted audiences to listen to the most unwelcome of subjects, and to a man who, as a foreigner, had no special claims upon an American audience—one who, only a few years ago, revisited us, giving us the privilege, who have heard him before, to hang once more upon his eloquent lips—a man who, to the finest gifts of eloquence, added the warmest and most capacious heart—who dedicated the earliest dew of his youth to the beauty and dignity of Philanthropy, and who, during all his life, has been true to the noble instincts which directed the commencement of his public career. You will have anticipated me, when I ask this audience to drink to the health, prosperity and happiness of George Thompson (prolonged applause).

Another song was sung by the Hutchinsons, after which the President said:

In England, as you are aware, they have what are called "Pluralists"—clergymen having livings in different parts of the country. We have them in America, also, and one of them is here to-night—a minister who has one parish in Worcester, and another in Kansas. Not only so; they hold different professions as well as different livings; and in proof of my position, I shall call upon my reverend and gallant friend, the Reverend General Higginson (laughter and applause).

SPEECH OF REV. T. W. HIGGINSON.

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen: I have been among you Non-Resistants before, and I know if you get a sight at even the ghost of a minister, or less than the ghost of a military man, you must have a shot at him. It runs in your blood, sir. What you say reminds me of a flash that will answer your flash, for it came out of the same *Quincy* granite. I remember, sir, on one occasion, that your brother, Josiah, who is as ready to overwhelm an innocent man with his wit as you are, presided at a political entertainment, occupying the same position that you do here to-night. It was about the time that Gen. Cass and Gen. Taylor were running neck and neck for the Presidency, and it was necessary to toast, not only the President that was, but the man who was to be the future President, and it was somewhat difficult to know how to do it. But the President of the evening was perfectly up to a delicate matter like that, and he gave for his toast—"*The Next President*—Since the two great parties of the land both deal in *Generals*, it is useless to descend to particulars" (laughter). So, I shall not descend to particulars on that subject to-night, rejoicing, for the sake of being here, in one reflection, at least, that if I have a *living* in Worcester, I have not had a *dying* in Kansas (applause).

You, sir, have spoken of Kansas, and honour me by giving me an opportunity of referring to that present battle-ground of Freedom. The day I entered Kansas, there were no such tables as are spread here to-night. The time of open markets and well-filled larders was beginning to dawn once again; but in many a house, when I went into that unhappy Territory, there was a very simple bill of fare. The people breakfasted on squash and green corn; they dined on green corn and squash; and for supper, they took them both. We smile at it, and they can, too, now that it is over; but if, in the festivals of the Pilgrim Society at Plymouth, they always spread the table with all the luxuries that Massachusetts can supply, but place beside each plate six grains of parched corn, in memory of the first banquet of those Winter wanderers, we can place the grains of corn of Kansas, if not upon our plates, at least in our memories to-night (cheers).

I found a great deal in Kansas, sir. I found a beautiful climate, a fertile soil, stone, coal, timber enough to lay an underground railroad, and, in fact, all the necessaries of life. But I did not go out there even to see an underground railroad, for I had seen that in Massachusetts. I wanted to see something above the ground. All my life I had been a citizen of a Republic where I had seen my fellow-citizens retreating, and retreating, and retreating, before the Slave Power, and I heard that away off, a thousand miles west, there was one town where men had made their stand, and said to Slavery, "Thus far, and no farther." I went the thousand miles to see it, and I saw it. I saw there the American Revolution, and every great Revolution of bygone days, in still living progress. I was tired of reading of Leonidas; I wanted to *see* him. I was tired of reading of Lafayette; I wanted to *see* him. I saw in Kansas the history of the past, clothed in living flesh before me. I saw in Charles Robinson the Puritan soldier—the Hampden of Cromwell's days; so simple, so modest, so moderate, so cheerful, so absolutely noble (applause). I saw in Lane Napoleon's Marshals; so brilliant, so daring, so gifted with a heart to inspire enthusiasm; unscrupulous on minor points, egotistical, vain—Frenchman all over! And if I wanted a genuine warrior of the Revolution, where could I find him better than in the old Vermonter, Capt. John Brown, the defender of Osawattomie, the defender of a little log fort, with twenty-seven men, against two hundred, sending away eighty-two of the two hundred killed and wounded, with only the loss of one man of his own [applause]; "Old Captain Brown," the Ethan Allen, the Israel Putnam of to-day, who has prayers every morning, and then sallies forth, with seven stalwart sons, wherever duty or danger calls; who swallows a Missourian whole, and says grace after the meat [laughter and applause].

I saw these men of Kansas, for I went to see them. Was I so ignorant as to imagine that there alone the fight of liberty was being fought? that there its picked soldiers would be found? that Kansas was the great heroic soil, and that there was no heroism, no greatness in Massachusetts? I should have stood in vain upon the Anti-Slavery platform, I should have stood in vain beneath such teachings, if I had had so idle a dream. We admire the men and women of Kansas, and well we may; but girls and boys go to Kansas, and are ennobled into heroes by the great cause they sustain. You can make a thousand soldiers for Kansas in Boston to-morrow; but Massachusetts and New England have been sifted for twenty-five years to make as many Abolitionists as could be gathered upon this platform to-night. It is no great matter to be a Free State man in Kansas; to be a Massachusetts Abolitionist is a thing to thank God for, all the rest of time and eternity [loud cheers]. To my mind, among all the eloquence of this evening, the one best word that has been uttered was that simple sentence out of the manly heart of Oliver Johnson—a sentence which every one of us who is worthy to speak it can echo—"The cause owes me nothing, but I owe everything to the cause" (applause).

Mr. President, we meet here to-night for one glance backward, and then to step forward. I remember reading somewhere that one night in the British Parliament, Gladstone, the great Demarara slaveholder, taunted the advocates of emancipation, that they had laboured for forty years, and done absolutely nothing. That night, the bill of emancipation was passed! (Cheers.) There are many who think, even now, that you have done nothing, after all your long years of conflict, except to make the cause more hopeless. I do not see it so. Yet where are we to look for the signs of hope? I do not see them where most persons do. I do not see them in the progress of public opinion at the South. Ten years ago, there was one anti-slavery newspaper in the South; there is one now. I asked Cassius Clay the reason of the slow progress of anti-slavery there, and he solved it in a sentence. Said he, "The moment we convert any man in the slave States to Anti-Slavery, what is his first impulse? To move out of the State. And so we never seem to make any progress." I do not expect, Mr. President, I do not dream, of any progress in public opinion in the slave States for years to come, unless this year should be crammed with insurrections. Are we to look for it in the courts? The Supreme Court has just given a decision which is the consummation of its wickedness—which scarcely future wickedness can exceed—a decree legalizing slavery, to all intents and purposes, in every free State at the North. I do not look for this progress in Congress, even. All the power of this Republican House of Representatives, what has it done, compared with the simple courage of the Congress which, in 1848, passed Gott's resolution abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and gave seventy-nine votes to Giddings's amendment, giving the slaves in the Territories the right to vote on the question of admission. Are we to look for it even in politics? Many who are here do so. Mr. President, I have been in politics a little too long for that hopefulness. You look at the decay and downfall of the Democratic party, you look at the Republican party, and you think, if months have done so much, what will years do? Do you realize that, four years ago, the history of this Administration, as we have seen it, with every result which has flowed from it, was mapped out, predicted, by the very Democratic politicians who have managed Franklin Pierce's Administration? Do you know that it has not taken them by surprise, but was a part of their plans—a thing they had the sense to look forward to, and look beyond? It is so, at any rate. Four years ago, when the election of Mr. Pierce had just become certain, a conversation took place among the leading Democratic managers in the nation, reported to me immediately afterwards by an eminent witness, now in the Senate of the United States, in which the most influential men predicted precisely the condition of public affairs which we have now; predicted that so surely as any Democratic administration should identify itself with the South, it would lose every Northern State, first or last. "But," said he, "what do we care if we do? The South has the power in this nation. We identify ourselves with them. Let every Northern State leave us, if it will; it will have to come back to us in the end." And that is what they look for now. With the power and patronage of the Administration in their hands, with boundless Central America in their hopes, they have had it in their plans to lose the Northern States. What care they, demagogues of the North, who expected to go into power under the shadow of Fremont? You will see them stealing back to the Democratic party again, because they will see that with the South is the true power.

The Republican organization in 1860! Why, Henry Wilson himself—and surely, there can be no more careful observer of the prospects of Republicanism—Henry Wilson himself told me, a year ago last Summer, in the streets of Boston, that if the Republican party failed in the Presidential election, it seemed to him that it would fail forever; "for," said he, "when we remember what the Slave Power has grown up to be now, give it four years' more control of the Government, and what can we hope to do against it?"

Mr. President, "in the dark and troubled night that is upon us, I see but one star of hope"; and I thank the Abolitionists of Massachusetts, not alone that they first told the secret of slavery, twenty-five years ago, to the astonished nation, but that they have told another secret, more recently, more daringly, to a nation yet more astonished—told the secret of anti-slavery, and told it in one word—Disunion! (Enthusiastic applause, long continued.) Mr. President, as God is in heaven, our destiny and our duty are to be found there. It is our only hope. I talk with my Republican friends in vain to know whence comes this wondrous change which has altered their whole horizon since election. I talk with a man who said, before election, "If Buchanan is elected, I am with you henceforward—I am a Disunionist," and I find he thinks there must have been some mistake about that remark; he thinks it must have been his partner who said it, not him. They all have their partners! Their decision, their foresight, their purpose—why, they are like that old Italian, who, when on his death-bed, was told that he must forgive his enemies, in order to be saved. At first he refused, but finally he wrought himself up to the resolution that shook his whole nature, and said he, "If I die, I forgive him; but if I get well, I will shoot him." That is the resolution of politicians, even Republican politicians—politicians such as Henry Wilson, whom Wendell Phillips has to-night dignified with an adjective to be guardedly used. What said Henry Wilson of Disunionists in Congress the other day? When Mr. Foote invited John P. Hale to go South, and be hung on the nearest tree, we shuddered. When Henry Wilson tells the Disunionists, of the North and of the South, that the Republican party, if it had the power, as it has the will, would give them a traitor's doom, Wendell Phillips says that he occupies a "noble" position! Henceforth, Mr. President, do not let the world's people complain of a want of charity in Abolitionists! [Laughter and applause.]

Mr. President, it is time for us to go home, yet a little more I must say. We think, for the moment, we see peace and dawning prosperity in Kansas, and we have temporary quiet in Massachusetts. That we have peace and quiet will be all the more dangerous to us, if they lull us into a dream that they are to be perpetual. It is one central fire, philosophers say, which now lights the world through the throes of the volcano, and now shakes it in the convulsions of the earthquake. It is one central excitement beneath the soil of Kansas, and in the streets of Boston, when cannon and armed men are marshalled there. And as they say, that when the volcano is for a moment still, the earthquake recommences, and when the earthquake ceases, the volcano begins afresh, so the quenching of that fire in Kansas may bring home to ourselves the renewal of the excitement here, because the fire still exists, and the laws of nature are guarantee for its revival in terror. I am not satisfied, for one, to see the conflict in Kansas, when we need it nearer home. We need it in Massachusetts, if it must be anywhere (applause). God forbid that any one should invoke the thunder-stroke! but if we believe that it, and it alone, will purify the atmosphere, we may at least say, "If it *must* come, let it come here and now!" If ever again we in Massachusetts are to test the rights of our own citizens, if ever again we are to learn whether our soil is free or not, would to Heaven that the time would come quickly! We are falling asleep upon the Personal Liberty Bill. What is that bill but a statute which protects freedom in practice, and denies it in principle? The Personal Liberty Bill in Massachusetts, noble as it is as a measure, what does it do for the slave? It accumulates between him and his pursuer every legal obstacle that the ingenuity of John A. Andrew can conjure up; but when, by force, or bribery, or cunning, the claimant has penetrated all these defences, Massachusetts stands back powerless at last, and says, "Take your slave!" Abolitionists do not say that; do they, Mr. President?

Mr. Quincy—I never heard that they did (laughter and applause).

Mr. Higginson continued—The Abolitionist says "Pass your fugitive slave through every jury from Essex to Berkshire; establish the master's title by a deed so clear that even the wit of Andrew cannot find a flaw in it; and when all this is said and done, what then?—the case is just the same as before. We protected the slave, not because he was not a slave, but because he was a man! (Enthusiastic applause.) But, powerless as we may be to save him, we have at least the power for this: we will make the streets of Boston bristle with her own bayonets, before you touch a hair of his head!" [Loud cheers.]

Mr. President, that is what I call talking freedom in earnest. I am tired of hearing people talk freedom in Congress. Henry Wilson told me that he felt himself in a tight place there. It was when Charles Sumner stood in Faneuil Hall, and told the assembled world [for the world heard that speech] that "he was a man before he was a Commissioner," that he touched the chords of a nation's heart, and won us all to him forever [loud applause]. Nothing, nothing that he can say at Washington will ever be more than the echo of that superb speech [cheers.] O, sir, if we want to live in this world, if we want to meet the demands of the age, and pass on to the next age as worth remembering, we have got to be more than politicians, more than Republicans. We have got to come to the actual facts of our nation's existence, and look *Disunion* in the face. And, thank God! tens of thousands, if they have not got to that point, are within an inch of it, at most, and that inch is lessening every day [applause].

I have occupied more than my share of the time of this evening. I thank you for giving me your attention so long. We have come together for one moment—a rare moment in the life of an Abolitionist—for social enjoyment. To-morrow may call us to some work so stern that the joys of this evening will seem years away. To-morrow may make this evening only the "sound of revelry by night," before Waterloo. May we be prepared for it!

"One throb of strength, one thrill of hope,
From joy to-night we borrow;
Then forward with the trumpet call,
To do or die to-morrow!" (Loud applause.)

The President—It was the custom of the ancients, my friends, to take their augury from birds; and I had hoped that we would, this evening, hear some notes from one of that order, which might encourage us in our progress; but I am afraid the *Bird* [Hon F. W. Bird, of Walpole] has flown.

I intended to call upon another minister [Rev. Nathaniel Hall, of Dorchester], a man who stood up one Fourth of July, and prayed Edward Everett out of countenance [applause]. But that eloquent gentleman has also left us.

We must not go out of this Hall without hearing the voice of at least one coloured man. We have had a letter from our distinguished friend Wm. W. Brown, but we have with us a gentleman who is untiring in his labours in behalf of his race, from whom we shall be glad to hear. I call upon Wm. C. Nell.

SPEECH OF WM. C. NELL.

Mr. President—I will endeavour to show my appreciation of the kind manner in which you have been pleased to announce me, by remembering not to monopolize these golden moments.

It was my happy privilege, sir, in the exercise of a boy's curiosity, to be a looker-on through the basement window of the Belknap street church that memorable evening, January 6th, just twenty-five years ago, when this Society began to live, move, and have its being.

In taking a retrospective glance at what has been accomplished since that dark hour to the present, by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, *The Liberator*, and this glorious pioneer Society, I would fain adopt those familiar lines of the poet—

"Transported with the view, I am lost
In wonder, love and praise."

I need not attempt, on this occasion, to analyze the why and wherefore of these my emotions, for they must be apparent to this assembly of Freedom's chosen veterans, champions and orators. You know, as all know even at the "free North," as this section of the country is sometimes called, slavery was deemed a subject not fit to be talked about in circles misnamed polite, nor even humane; but now, over the entire nation, South as well as North, in Church and State, in highways and byways, as also in the social circle, slavery is emphatically the thing thought of, and, in most instances, the prolific theme of discussion.

Another fact, and one no less significant, is the change wrought in public sentiment in its recognition of the manhood of that class with whom I stand identified by complexion and condition. Then the coloured man was treated as though his very presence was a "spell to conjure up the devil with." Now, through the precept and example of this Society, he has secured an audience, and is beginning to be regarded as a man and a brother.

Among the instrumentalities contributing to this encouraging aspect of the times, I have Mr. Garrison's assurance and authority confirming my own experience and observation, that the influence and coöperation of Woman have been signally manifest.

Elizabeth Heyrick, of England, coincident with Wm. Lloyd Garrison, first promulgated the idea of immediate emancipation. The anti-slavery women of America rallied under that banner, consecrating their exertions and sacrifices in times of persecution and peril—the persevering and complicated taxation of their mental, moral and industrial powers—upon the altar of the slave's redemption, active in season and out of season, always remembering those in bonds as bound with them.

In behalf of the millions of slaves now groaning in the Southern prison-house, and the half-free coloured citizens of the North, I tender the anti-slavery Women the united homage of grateful hearts; a just tribute for those labours of love. Like the Homeric chain of gold, one end rests upon the earth, and the other terminates in heaven.

The President—You know that a good General, when his army is about to retreat, always puts his best soldiers in the rear, in order to cover the retreat. As I am afraid that this army will commence its retreat before a great while, I am sure that they will not consent to go unless their rear is covered by the veterans in the cause. I trust our two veteran friends, Parker Pillsbury [applause], and Charles C. Burleigh [renewed applause], will at least let us gaze upon the light of their countenances, and let us hear a few words from their lips. If Mr. Pillsbury is in the Hall, we shall be glad to see him, for we consider him not only "useful," but "ornamental" [applause].

SPEECH OF PARKER PILLSBURY.

I do not quite like the conditions upon which I have been called up. I have long since struck the word "retreat" out of my military vocabulary. Besides, I do not see the propriety of my being called to this platform at all, on the occasion of the first celebration of the "Ancient and Honourable Artillery" of our movement. I was not a member of the corps at its formation, although, I trust, the only reason was that which a British member of Parliament gave for a defect in his constitution—it was only the "atrocious crime of being a young man" that prevented my being enlisted in the ranks at its organization.

Some reminiscences have been introduced here this evening, and, while I have been listening very earnestly and pleasantly to the eloquent remarks which have been made, I have asked myself just where I was at the organization of this Society, and I find, on looking back, that although I was not in Boston, I was not very far from it, and I was engaged in the soap-boiling and chandlery business—a very honourable and to some a lucrative employment, although I never found it particularly lucrative. I was thinking if there was not something prophetic in that calling, for in the "scrubbing" in which I have since engaged, the article of soap has come into requisition; and I believe, so far as I was engaged in the sale of candles, never a nation more needed light (laughter and applause). My only regret is that I have not been a more worthy candle-holder since.

I was led to think of these things because I wanted to find the most honourable connection I could with the Anti-Slavery movement; for I certainly sympathize most fully with the remark of Mr. Johnson, to which allusion has been before made. It is very little I can do or have done for the Anti-Slavery cause, but I am sure, when I find myself standing here at this time of night, and that, too, after such eloquence as these walls have echoed to night, that this Anti-Slavery movement has done something for me. I desire immortality for this, if for no other reason, that I may sing anthems of gratitude to that movement for what it has done for me; for I fear I never should have attained salvation without it—certainly, no salvation that was worth the cost.

There is another thing that comes home to me this evening. Some allusion has been made to the predictions of our friend Mr. Garrison. On looking over the old records of this Society, I find that, in 1837, here in Boston, our prophet stood up—without claiming any special inspiration, without boasting that he was "a prophet, or the son of a prophet"—and prophesied the annexation of Texas and the atrocities that followed, almost in chronological order, down to the year 1850, and with such unerring exactness that, I am sure, had he lived in the days of Isaiah and Jeremiah, there would have been one more canonical book in the Old Testament for Dr. Adams to extract solemn texts from—"the burden of the word of the Lord, by the mouth of his servant, Garrison" (laughter and applause). For all these things have come to pass, though the end is not yet.

I fear Massachusetts has yet to be somewhat renovated and purified before she will be quite worthy of the distinction which our friend Phillips referred to when he said he would spread Massachusetts out over the Union. I could see no very good reason for that, when, this very night, a fugitive slave, as white as I am (though that is not saying much), has had to fly to Canada, that he may find shelter in the mane of the British lion from the bloody beak and terrible talons of the American eagle. I do not think it best yet to spread Massachusetts out over the whole Union, when our friend Phillips counsels a slave, and a *white* slave, too, to fly to Canada, in order that he may be free. I fear, if Massachusetts were to be thus extended, it would be in a manner like what one neighbour of mine said of another neighbour—I am sorry to say that President Pierce is my neighbour, for we are commanded to "love our neighbour as ourselves," in order to secure salvation, and I greatly fear, if that is the requisite, my damnation is sure (laughter). But the anecdote is simply this. A neighbour of mine, a mechanic, was down in the State of Maine last Winter, and, while there, somebody asked him if Pierce wasn't a pretty fair sort of a man, after all that had been said about him. "Well," said he, "he is a clever fellow enough when you take him there at home; but when you come to spread him out over the whole country, he is most mighty thin" (laughter and applause). I am greatly in doubt about the expediency of extending Massachusetts over the whole country quite yet.

But, Mr. Chairman, I will not detain the audience. I did not want to stand here after the bold, the stirring, the eloquent, the truly eloquent words of our friend, Mr. Higginson. I think myself he has struck the key-note of our movement in the present crisis, and that we may as well make up our minds to the sentiment with which Theodore Parker closed his letter to night. I am sure I respond to that sentiment—"Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must!" (Loud cheers.) With him, I think we are unworthy to stand in the old Cradle of Liberty, if we shrink even from the baptism of blood, if such be the will of God; and I am not sure but it is; for if there was ever a time when we might say, "There is no remission of sins without the shedding of blood," we have reached that time; and if even by seas of blood we can wash out our sins and stains, we may thank God for that baptism, and accept salvation even on terms so fearful. I think we had better familiarize our minds to the possibility, at least, that the streets of Boston may yet run with blood. I do not believe that ever yet a nation wandered so far from the true spirit of freedom, justice and humanity, as we have gone, and then returned, without passing through that metaphorical Red Sea to which allusion was made by Theodore Parker; and though I know that war is a curse always, and, probably, always a crime, too, yet I think we have gone beyond the time to question the right of war, for I expect scenes of violence, just as I expect Etna will vomit the blazing bile from her sickening stomach, in obedience to the same law of God which operates upon the human mind as well. And I think if we escape even with blood and battle—the battle where the "garments shall be rolled in blood, and accompanied with confusion and noise"—that even then, considering how great a loss we have sustained, salvation will be cheap even at such a price as that (applause).

SPEECH OF CHARLES C. BURLEIGH.

I will waste none of the few remaining moments in apologizing for standing before you; for surely, if deep interest in the cause, and if the privilege of having given many years' service to it, can give any man a claim to stand here, I may put in that claim.

The friends who have spoken before me have alluded to the fact of their not having been members of this Society at its organization, and have assigned various reasons for it. Mine is not chronological, but geographical, simply; for had I been a citizen of Boston at that time, or had I been so near Boston as to have been able, with the limited means at my command, to transport myself there, you would not have had just the Apostolic number. However, for my absence on that occasion, I can console myself with the reflection, that of the twenty-five years that have passed since the organization of this Society, twenty-four of them have been spent by me in the service of the cause it was formed to promote (applause). So you will excuse me if I feel a little patriarchal on this occasion, and, standing here in your presence, should even stretch out my hands and pronounce the patriarchal benediction—to bless you in basket and in store, in your outgoing and your incoming, in your uprising and your down sitting—to bless you wheresoever you may be, and in whatsoever work the Anti-Slavery cause shall employ your hands, and your brains, and your hearts. And I am confident that this blessing of mine will reach so far and sink so deep that to every Abolitionist in my presence it will leave nothing of the entire sum of his being that is not baptized and saturated with it.

I believe we have come together here to-night, as we have been told by one and another, with only the purpose of a brief cessation of toil and strife, that may nerve us up to yet more earnest efforts in the future of toil and strife that lies before us. We have all been taught not to despair. The whole history of the past has been teaching us that lesson. After all that has been said to us to-night, it seems as if "darkness covers the land, and gross darkness the people"; yet, in this day of darkness there are more than seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal; and of those who have, there are many who are becoming converts to our principles, and taking up the cross of entire consecration to this work of human deliverance. We go forward, then, confident in the principles which we have adopted, confident in the measures which we have employed and are employing to render these principles effective in their practical application.

We have been told here to-night that our lesson was taught us by the very church that now brands us as heretics and infidels, because, true to the lesson that has been taught us, we have refused to keep within the pale of that church, where all hateful and unclean things are to be associated with us; because we have refused to accept, as the full measure of our faith, the empty and hollow profession of belief in the lessons we have learned. It is true we have been taught by the clergy the lesson of immediate repentance and the forsaking of sin, which we apply to the sin of slavery. It is also true that the test we apply to slavery, whereby we prove it to be a sin, has been taught us by the same instructors. They have taught us that all men are brethren, all children of one common Father, and all, therefore, equal in nature and equal in rights. Having learned that lesson, we go on, and, applying it to slavery, denounce it as a sin; and, having learned that other lesson, we go on, and demand the immediate abolition of that sin, and the abolition of the institutions which have grown up under its commission. It is a plain, straight road, therefore. We have the world's conscience on our side, if we could only get at it. We have the Church's conscience on our side, and by and by we shall reach it; and all the more certain are we that we have it by reason of the fierce denunciations that are visited upon us because we are telling the Church's truth in a tone which convinces it that it is not told for show, or sham, that it is not told for the sake of respectability, popularity, or prosperity in business. It is a plain road; and if we travel it, we shall be sure to come to our journey's end. We appeal, then, to the conscience of the world and the Church, in the full confidence that at last they must and will answer to our appeal. I do not know whether the contest is to be ended in peace or by violence. If it is to end in blood, I suppose I may be permitted, when it comes, at least to choose between two alternatives—between the bloodshed of the enemies and the bloodshed of the friends of the oppressed; to say, let the liberty of the slave be purchased rather by the blood of his advocates, than by that of his oppressors. Let every man act according to his own conscience in this behalf, while we all determine to go forward in the right, because it *is* right, still strong in the confidence that, by one method or another, victory must come, success must be attained.

"In the war against oppression,
In the battle on the wrong,
When the armies of the Alien
Seem unconquerably strong,
And the Elect a moment waver,
Chilled by waning fortune's frost,
Mark the word!
Victory is but deferred;
Never lost.

All the martyrs of old ages
Have bequeathed that faith to this;
Lifting through the flames, their beakers
Of imperishable bliss;
Rome and Smithfield and Geneva,
Smoking with hell's holocaust,
Shriek the word,
That our hopes, though long deferred,
Are not lost.

The grim courage of our fathers
Fighting backward down the hill,
While their burning homes at Charlestown
Only fired their dauntless will,
Speaks from all their lowly tombstones,
Worn by time and over-mossed,
The same word;
That a victory long deferred
Is not lost.

Freedom's martyr-souls in Kansas,
Well who fought alone their fight,
Till the land's inaugurate Traitor
With her wronged arm crushed their might,
From their blazing homes in Lawrence
Yet shall teach, at Slavery's cost,
The old word,
That their hour is but deferred,
And not lost."

All the accumulated wrongs of the bondman, all the stifled groans of his anguish, all the earnest hopes for deliverance, and prayers wrung out from almost despairing hearts, that go up from the gloom of the prison-house to that ear which is ever open to the cry of the afflicted and the oppressed, are poured together to-night into the one channel of our movement, and are bearing on this enterprise to its certain triumph. As there is a God in heaven, as there is yet a possibility of justice upon earth, as the Creator of this universe has not given it up to the Evil Spirit of perdition, to be his through all eternity, we are certain to triumph; and whether that triumph come amid the songs of rejoicing, or amid the cries of anguish and the shrieks of agony; whether it come floating upon the sparkling current of prosperity, or whether it come through a red sea of blood, it shall come with a treasure of blessing more ample to afford all the cost of its purchase, more than ample to fill us with rejoicing and thanksgiving that we have been chosen as the instruments, even in the smallest measure and the feeblest degree, to help on its triumph (applause).

The President then called upon Rev. Mr. Frothingham, of Portland.

SPEECH OF REV. FREDERICK FROTHINGHAM.

Mr. President—I left home this morning, with no intention, certainly, of making a speech here to-night. I came here rather because, feeling the great significance of the occasion, I desired to refresh my own soul with the sight of the fathers of this great movement. I felt how great and glorious is this Anti-Slavery struggle, and I wished to place myself in connection with those who have been its great movers, and, therefore, I came here to-night.

I am not worthy to speak in this presence. I have not ventured to speak, heretofore, because I had not said a word before the public on the matter, and I did not know whether I should dare do so; but now, since, by God's blessing, strength has been given to me to speak, I am prepared to come here and add my word of testimony, and adopt that noble strain of Mr. Garrison:

"I am an Abolitionist,
I glory in the name" (applause).

There is but one thing for me to say at this late hour. It is a thing worth thinking of, and bearing away with us. It is this: that whatever else this Anti-Slavery movement has done, it has made us men and women. That is what we want more than anything else. Not associations, not governments, not laws, but men and women! These, sir, the Anti Slavery movement has given us; and these, I find, it will give us, wherever it goes. This is the reason, sir, why I rejoice to take my part in it, and become, so far as I may, a humble helper in aiding on the cause. (applause).

The President—I know you will unite in regretting the absence of our beloved friend, Adin Ballou, whom I intended to call upon at an earlier period of the evening, to whose mild but strong words we should have been glad to listen. But as he has left the hall, we must submit to be deprived of that privilege and enjoyment.

There is but one other name on my list, and that is an honoured name throughout the world. I allude to the name of Channing (applause). We have here a son of the illustrious William Ellery Channing, who, I trust, will allow us to see and hear him; after which, the meeting will adjourn with a song by the Hutchinsons.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM F. CHANNING.

I feel, Mr. President, that the quarter century notch has been so well cut, that very little more remains to be said; and yet, I would add one word. We are not here to celebrate the passage of 25 years, but the passage of 25 years of an era; and an era in civilization means this: it means that God has put into some man's or some woman's heart impulses that shall move mankind. It is God's work, and not man's; and I wish to add that word to what has been said here to-night. God has helped this work on from small beginnings to its present magnitude, and I look to Him for its success. I have no discouragement—I can feel none. I have watched for many years, with more interest than any other subject, the spread of sympathy—the contagion of higher thoughts than those to which men have been accustomed. We had an instance of this in 1848, when "Fraternity" was added to "Equality" in France. And I will just add this, as a solution of the question of slavery. It does not seem to me impossible, if a thought of freedom should be communicated to those masses at the South held in bondage, and a very few outbreaks should take place—I will not contemplate bloodshed—that the whole value of slavery, as a pecuniary institution, would be at an end, and its whole political power would collapse. It is a feeble thing, and it requires but the slightest internal commotion to cause it to subside. I do not believe that Disunion is necessary. I believe it is in God's power to give life to this nation and to save it. (Applause.)

CLOSING REMARKS OF MR. GARRISON.

Our honoured and revered friend, Francis Jackson, before leaving the Hall, handed me a sentiment which he modestly said, if I thought well of, I might propose on his behalf. I will do so; and I am sure it will be heartily responded to by all:

The American Anti-Slavery Society—Founded upon the principles of justice and truth, it aims directly to promote its one distinctive object, the immediate and entire abolition of slavery. It neither fears nor favours any religious sect or political party; it has no political offices or emoluments to get, and none to give. If its praise is in none of the churches or legislative halls, it is, we are happy to believe, in the hearts of the crushed and outraged bondmen of the South, whose claims to liberty it regards as paramount to Unions, Constitutions, Covenants or Compromises, framed to oppress them. (Applause.)

I wish to read a printed card which I hold in my hand, by way of reminiscence:

Fifth Anniversary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Wednesday, January 25, 1837. [The public meetings, during the day, will be held in the SPACIOUS LOFT OVER THE STABLE OF THE MARLBOROUGH HOTEL, and in the evening, in the REPRESENTATIVES' HALL.]

☞ The Committee of Arrangements respectively inform the ladies that ample accommodations have been prepared for them. The loft is spacious, clean and well warmed, and will accomodate, with ease and perfect safety, at least 1,000 persons.

☞ AMOS DRESSER, a citizen of this State, who was "Lynched" at Nashville, for the crime of being an Abolitionist, will be present, and during the meetings in the afternoon and evening, will give a history of that affair.

That was at a time when he could get no place to hold a meeting in Boston, except a stable! From a stable to Faneuil Hall—you see, the world moves. (Applause.)

Pardon me a moment more. On every occasion like this—and these occasions are very rare—we should not separate without remembering (next to our beloved and eloquent coadjutor, George Thompson) one who did our cause great service—byond all expression great—during her sojourn her from the old world. It was done in Massachusetts, and in the city of Boston—directly in the face of the mobs of 1835. I allude to that gifted and heroic woman, Harriet Martineau, of England (applause)—who deliberately and intelligently offered up, on the altar of Humanity, all her literary fame in this country, to make herself one with those who were treated as outcasts, in order that freedom might be vindicated in its darkest hour; and who, although an invalid for many years, has worked in England as scarcely any other person there has worked, to impregnate the British mind with hatred against slavery, and to concentrate the influence of the wise and good for its abolition in America. Be our gratitude proffered to her afresh. (Renewed applause.)

Sir, we have been to-night, in apostolic language, "fools in glorying." Here we are in the majority; here Anti-Slavery is in the ascendant. Now, we are to go out into the world, there to find scorn, contumely, and opposition. There we are in a minority, and we need all the faith in God and in the triumph of justice that we can exercise to enable us to endure to the end. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." May God give us grace to endure! To him be all the glory for whatever has been achieved!

On motion of Mr. Johnson, it was

Voted, That the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society be requested, if they deem it expedient, to publish the proceedings of this festival in pamphlet form.

Another song was then sung by the Hutchinsons, and the company, a few minutes past midnight, separated.

LETTERS.

LETTER FROM MOSES THACHER.

Pitcher, Chenango Co., N. Y., Jan. 6, 1857.

Gentlemen: Your invitation in behalf of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, to attend a "Public Festival in Faneuil Hall" on the evening of the 2d inst., reached me on the evening of New Year's day. Most sincerely do I thank you and the "Managers" for your kind remembrance. To have been present on the occasion designated would have afforded me unfeigned satisfaction; but the notice came too late for me to think of attending, even if I had not been prevented by other imperative duties. Have the goodness to accept this reply as an assurance to all my anti-slavery friends in Massachusetts that my absence from the Celebration of the "Twenty-fifth Anniversary" of the original "New England Anti-Slavery Society" is not, by any means, because I have grown "lukewarm" in the great and good work to which they are still devoted; but from other providential circumstances beyond my power to control.

God bless the Anti-Slavery enterprise! It is indeed not second to "the most beneficent and glorious movement of the nineteenth century"; and of nothing am I more certain than that, as a branch of the gospel of Jesus Christ, its result is to be, the freedom of our country and the world from *oppression*.

No event of former days, in which I had any agency, is more vivid in my recollection than the formation of the "New England Anti-Slavery Society." Although one quarter of a century has since elapsed, and they begin to call *me* an "old man," I well remember the dark, rainy evening; the obscure part of Boston, to which we tramped through sloppy streets; the despised "African school-house" in which we convened; the earnest and honest discussion of principles to be adopted as our "platform," made up, not of rotten timbers and slabs, to answer as a temporary raft to convey a political party over the turbid waters of a Presidential canvass, but of materials as lasting as the lapse of time and the duration of eternity; and the literal (not a baker's) dozen, induced on that eventful evening to subscribe to the Constitution. Surely, the "mustard-seed" was then too small to be crushed, and too insignificant to be feared; but in the branches of its "tree," both "clean and unclean birds," and even the foulest political Harpies, are *now* fain to "lodge," and even build their nests.

In looking over my old papers, for other purposes, I accidentally find the original draft of the *Address* which was published with the Constitution of the "New England Anti-Slavery Society," and with the chirography of which I ought to be more familiar than any other individual. The mere preservation of such an instrument is, of itself, of no importance; but it is to me a matter of interest and gratification that, on a critical review, after the lapse of twenty-five years, I find no occasion to swerve from a single sentiment or principle therein set forth. Men and things *change*; and we are encouraged to labour for their mutation when they can be changed for the better. The *truth* and *right* never change; hence their potency and prevalence.

At the incipiency of your momentous enterprise, the whole North and South agreed that the subject of slavery should *not* be "agitated." Now, there seems to be almost as universal a determination that it *shall be* agitated; and, thanks to God, who "causeth the wrath of man to praise him," the South are taking the lead in the agitation. No publications were ever more "incendiary," in the parlance of despots, or so directly adapted to kindle up the fires of insurrection, as the published sentiments which slaveholders are now scattering, broadcast, over their own plantations. This, with many other events equally striking, is a token for good. Our country is now like the ocean, swelling and rocking and roaring under the fury of the tempest; and no vessel, driven to leeward upon a reef, was ever more certain to be wrecked than we may be sure that the days of slavery are numbered, and will shortly be finished.

Looking back upon the last quarter of a century, connected with the subject of your kind invitation, it is quite natural that a shade of *sadness* should come over my mind. I know that some—how many I do *not* know—of the eleven who united with me in first subscribing the Constitution of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, have gone to the resting place of the dead. This affecting truth, as well as my own advancing years, reminds me that *my* time is short, and "the King's business requires haste." But, it is a matter for devout thanksgiving that among many of my early co-labourers, the head of ONE, for which a large premium was once offered, is still on his shoulders, and *may* yet there remain, to witness still greater things, during the next twenty-five years, than have transpired in the quarter of a century just terminated.

Accept, gentlemen, the renewed expression of my gratitude for your courtesy and kind remembrance, and believe me, as ever,

Yours, "to break every yoke," Moses Thacher.

Messrs. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Francis Jackson, Samuel May, Jr., Committee.

LETTER FROM JOHN T. HILTON.

Brighton, Jan. 1st, 1857.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Francis Jackson and Samuel May, Jr., Committee of Correspondence of the Massachusetts A. S. Society:

Friends of Freedom: I gratefully received your note, advising me of the intention of the above Society to commemorate the twenty-fifth Anniversary of its organization, and to survey the field of labour so nobly trodden. You invite me to participate in this glorious movement.

Sirs, this is all right. It is highly proper that the deeds of those who have faithfully laboured in this great cause should be kept in grateful remembrance. This cause has called to its support the best hearts and heads that have ever honoured the earth. It has also gathered to its embrace the most untiring patience, fortitude and courage ever displayed on any occasion, or in behalf of any principle. Knowing all this as an eye-witness, my heart is overwhelmed with gratitude; and permit me to say that I would be among the foremost in paying homage so well merited, and giving my sanction to a measure demanded by the Holy One of Israel, were I not required by my physician, on account of my health, to be quiet, and cautious of exposure, especially when the weather is inclement. You will please accept for yourselves, and the dear friends generally with whom you are identified in this great work, my sincere and best wishes, prayers and blessings.

May the great work go on in triumph, independent of the predictions of the modern Sanballats, Tobiases and the Arabians, until every yoke be broken, every chain severed, the bondman allowed to breathe the free air of liberty, and you be permitted to join in the jubilant songs of glory to God in the highest!

Though absent in body (which I regret), I am with you in spirit.

I am, truly yours, for truth and liberty,
John T. Hilton.

LETTER FROM WM. WELLS BROWN.

Boston, January 1st, 1857.

Dear Mr. Garrison: I very much regret that an engagement to lecture in Central New York, on Saturday evening, the 3d inst., compels me to leave Boston to-morrow morning. I had hoped to be present at the celebration of the twenty-fifth Anniversary of the formation of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, to offer my humble testimony in favour of the great good that the Society has accomplished since its commencement. It sprang into existence in a community where it was surrounded by foes—where it was worth one's reputation even to hint that the free coloured people ought to be treated with respect, much less to advocate the right of the slave to his freedom. It has lived to see the equality of the coloured citizens of Massachusetts and the other New England States acknowledged to a greater or less extent. It has banished the "negro pew" from most of the churches, thrown the "Jim Crow" car from the rail-road track, and gained for the coloured people a social position which is every day becoming more generous, and that bids fair to cause the day to be not far distant when the equality and brotherhood of man will be acknowledged by all. From its organization to the present time, the Society has fought nobly for freedom, its weapons not carnal, but spiritual; where the struggle has not been for blood, but right, and where the blow was the power of truth, and the arrow the instrument of justice. I believe that the Society has done much to hasten the day when the enslaved of this country shall be released from his chains, and stand redeemed by the Genius of liberty.

As one who has suffered with the slave of the South, I wanted to speak a word for him; as one identified with the free coloured people, I wished to say a word for them. As the Society was formed for the special benefit of the proscribed race of which I am a member, I feel like offering thanks to the members still living, and congratulating them on the success that has attended their efforts for twenty-five years.

Yours, for the slave,
Wm. Wells Brown.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1856.

SLAVERY AND INFIDELITY.

Our attention has been called to a little book of seventy pages, published a few months since in Cincinnati, written by Rev. William W. Patton, and entitled "Slavery and Infidelity: or, Slavery in the Church ensures Infidelity in the World." On a careful examination of its pages, we find the writer to be a zealous and intelligent opposer of slavery, clearly pointing out how that system not only violates the rights of man, the commands of God, and the principles taught by Jesus of Nazareth, but how it necessarily works the present deterioration, and tends to the ultimate disgrace and ruin, of any system of religion which is identified with its practice and support.

This point, however, though very clearly demonstrated, is not the main purpose of the book, which is opposition to Infidelity, or, more exactly stated, a voice of warning to the slaveholding and slavery-defending members of the American churches (whom, in spite of these characteristics, he assumes to be Christians) that, if they do not speedily change their position, cease to hold slaves, and to claim the Church and the Bible as the allies of slavery, they will bring discredit upon Christianity, and strengthen the hands of Infidelity.

We have called the writer of this book *intelligent* in his opposition to slavery. We are further bound to say that, in the whole treatment of his subject, we find no evidence of other than the best *intentions*; a thorough speaking and acting up to his light. But we find, in relation to the two great topics of his book, Christianity on one side and Infidelity on the other, an almost hopeless confusion of ideas. And, since the ideas generally prevalent in the community on these subjects are derived from the teaching, partly of just such men as he, and partly from clergymen who use their more accurate mental training purposely to deceive and mislead the community, it is worth our while yet again patiently to unravel this confusion.

There is a class of men who claim to be, and to be considered, Christians, in consequence of their being united in associations maintaining certain doctrines, and practising certain religious observances; these doctrines may be believed, and these observances practised, just as perfectly by men who hold, breed, buy and sell slaves as by any others; and thus, in the practice of these societies (self-styled Christian churches), the circumstance of a man's being or not being a holder, breeder, buyer and seller of slaves, is regarded as quite irrespective of the question whether he is a Christian; *that* depends, in their judgment, on his belief in certain religious doctrines, and his practice of certain religious observances. Wherever, in the course of this book, the writer uses the terms "Christians," "followers of Jesus," &c., he refers to these people.

There is another class of men who call themselves Infidels; who stigmatize Christianity as a bad thing, desire its extinction, and do all they can to oppose it. These men, with a few very remarkable exceptions, like Robert Owen, do not show themselves particularly interested in beneficent reform—in labours for the welfare of those who are weaker, poorer and more ignorant than they. Such enterprises as the modern ones against war, intemperance, slavery, and capital punishment, have neither been originated nor supported by them. But it is not to these people that Mr. Patton mainly refers when he speaks of Infidels.

There is a third class of men who reverence Christianity as a system sent from God; who believe that the love of God which it requires is to be manifested by practical love to their brother and their neighbuor; and who understand by their brother and their neighbor just the persons whom Jesus of Nazareth pointed out in his parables of the Good Samaritan and the Final Judgment—any one of the human race who needs help which they can give. It is mainly these who have originated and who are now carrying on the great movements of beneficent reform; who have undertaken to abolish slavery, war, intemperance and judicial murder; who use, in the prosecution of these reforms, principles and ideas which they gratefully acknowledge as parts of, or corollaries from, the system taught by Jesus; and who have found, to their utter amazement, that the greatest obstacles, both to the diffusion of their ideas and the success of their efforts arose, first from the indifference, and next from the active opposition, continued to the present day, of the class first mentioned, ministers and members, in good and regular standing, of the American churches, which they falsely call churches of Christ.

But, strange to say, it is to this very third class that the Rev. Mr. Patton refers when he speaks of Infidels. He says: "Multitudes may be found, the friends of liberty, peace, temperance, and every philanthropic reform, men of intelligence and apparent moral worth, and of unblemished private character, who have become *thoroughly infidel in their principles*."—p. 62. And he proceeds to specify Garrison and Theodore Parker as members of this class, designating them as "infidel reformers," whose 'principles are in some respects dangerous, and their present influence largely evil."

Now, to take the very instances of alleged infidelity which our author cites, every one who has read or heard either Mr. Parker or Mr. Garrison knows that they invariably speak of Christianity with the highest respect, declaring their reverence for it, and their personal allegiance to it. Mr. Garrison acknowledges it as his prompter and guide in the warfare against slavery; Mr. Parker declares it to be the absolute and permanent religion; and both show that they are honest in these professions by the very test which Jesus established, and pointed out to his followers as the correct method of judging of the heart. They are known by their fruits. Their whole lives are public and conspicuous testimonies of that obedience to the second great commandment of the Christian law, which Jesus himself assures us is the best evidence of obedience to the first, and their controversy with slaveholders grows out of the very fact, which Mr. Patton also acknowledges, that slaveholding is incompatible with both.

These things being so, what greater excess of injustice and impudence can be imagined than the designation of Garrison and Parker as infidels by an opposer of slavery, who, at the same time, admits Rev. James Smylie of Mississippi and Rev. C. C. Jones of Georgia to be Christians? But Mr. Patton is not impudent, and does not mean to be unjust. He is simply a humbugged and deluded man, who has been cheated at once out of his eye-teeth and his wisdom-teeth by his confidence in the church and the clergy. He repeats, like a parrot, the catch-word of "infidel," which they have put into his mouth, and passes over unnoticed all those tests of honesty and true piety which he has read a hundred times in the New Testament. He thinks (p. 68) that the truths in the epistle of James should be more thoroughly heeded, and yet does not see that James's definition of "pure religion and undefiled," coupled with his own admissions respecting the characters and lives of those whom he calls "infidel reformers," plainly proves him to be in error. For the purpose of arousing the churches to a sense of their sin, by revealing the vast extent of slaveholding among them, he quotes the statement of Rev. James Smylie, of the Amity Presbytery, Mississippi, made with the very opposite intention, namely, to defend slavery by showing it to be in good standing in the church, as follows: "If slavery be a sin, and advertising and apprehending slaves, with a view ro teturn them to their masters, is a direct violation of the divine law, and if the buying, selling or holding a slave, *for the sake of gain*, is a heinous sin and scandal, then, verily, *three-fourths of all the Episcopalians, Methodists, Bap*

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* We are led to infer from this, that Mr. Andrew has faith in the popular belief that the author of the brilliant and witty letters in the *Tribune*, over the signature "Byles," is none other than Edmund Quincy, Esq.—*Rep.*

tists and Presbyterians in eleven States of the Union are of the devil." Mr. Patton quotes this for the single purpose which we have specified above. But, so far from seeing that the conclusion of the Rev. James Smylie is the logical and inevitable result from his premises, and that those slaveholding and slavery-defending churches are synagogues of Satan, he stupidly continues to call them "Christians," "followers of Jesus," "followers of Christ," &c.

Still more. Even the instances above-mentioned do not show the deepest depth of Mr. Patton's blindness. The very statement of reasons by which he seeks to convince the churches that their sanction of slaveholding must impair the respect of the community at large, both for themselves and their religion (and which he obviously adopts with the most perfect unconsciousness, both of its orginal source and its logical scope and purport), is the very statement which the Abolitionists have all along made to the pro-slavery churches and clergy, *and for which Mr Patton has joined the churches and clergy in stigmatizing them as infidels.* We are perfectly willing to place the briefest and most common statement of this matter by Garrison and his coadjutors side by side with the expanded argument of Mr. Patton, in proof of their substantial identity.

The Abolitionists, headed by William Lloyd Garrison, have, from the commencement of their career, regarded, used and quoted the Bible as an anti-slavery book, vindicated it from the calumnious charge that it authorized oppression, and proved from the letter and spirit of both Old and New Testaments that slaveholding is *sin*, and thus ought *immediately* to be repented of and forsaken. The clergy and their churches took the opposite ground, affirming that slaveholding was not sin, and that the Bible authorized it. In answer to this public statement, made by many clergymen in sermons, religious newspapers and public discussions, Garrison and his friends reaffirmed their original statement, with the following addition: "*If* the unjust, inhuman and demoralizing system called slavery be really authorized by the Bible, *so much the worse for the Bible.*" And for saying this, they have ever since been cried out against as infidels, and Mr. Patton joins in the cry. Now let us see Mr. Patton's own statement:

"The docrine that the Bible sanctions slavery invalidates the internal evidence in its favour: four respects may be specified in which that evidence would be materially weakened if not destroyed.

"1. In respect to the character of God. No book can be inspired which misrepresents the Divine character. We have an intuitive conviction * * that God is perfectly and immutably wise, benevolent, holy, true and just; and if the Bible is to be received as inspired, it must teach the same truths with equal and even superior clearness. If it is found to represent, directly or by implication, that God is malevolent, deceitful, unholy and unjust, no other ground for neglecting its claims is needed, since we know that God will never belie himself, nor publish and endorse a libel on his own character.

"It has been contended by Christians that the Bible meets this test in the most satisfactory manner; that it not only does not contradict the affirmations of natural conscience and the teachings of reason, but more fully asserts and explains them, setting forth the Divine character in a manner so clear, so pure, so glorious as to challenge the admiration of the noblest intellects and most virtuous hearts; that in fact it so far surpasses, in this respect, every other work, as to stamp the seal of divinity upon every page. This I believe to be true. But my faith would be staggered if I were to be convinced that the Bible sanctions the right of property in man, that it proclaims slaveholding to be intrinsically right, or contains a defence of the oppression practised upon the African race in the Southern States of this Union. For what is slaveholding but the most flagrant contradiction of benevolence, holiness, justice, compassion, and every other characteristic of God. If it be just for one man to appropriate wholly to himself the body, mind, time and earnings of a fellow-man from infancy to old age, I defy the lexicographers to define injustice." Pp. 17–19.

"2. A similar argument may be framed in connection with the system of morals taught in the Scriptures. A revelation from God must not only rightly represent the character of God, but also properly indicate the duties of man. Conscience and the natural reason affirm human brotherhood, and the corresponding duty of universal love. What says the Bible? Does it contradict or confirm? * * Your leading divines tell us that slaveholding is perfectly consistent with the morality of Scripture; that the Bible recognises two classes of men, OWNERS and OWNED, and sanctions the relation between them as voluntarily perpetuated by the former. In other words, the morality of the Bible allows of *robbing* in its *highest* form, by which a man is robbed of his own soul and body, of wife and children, of time and labour, of liberty and happiness, and is condemned to exist for another's convenience and gain. * * * Depend upon it, reader, the religion which sanctions slaveholding must gain a victory over the conscience before it can be received as coming from God." Pp. 23–29.

"3. If the Bible sanction slaveholding, then, by implication, it teaches either a false or a contradictory doctrine with regard to the accountability of a larger portion of the human race. There is no doctrine more clearly and forcibly proclaimed by the natural reason than that of human accountability. Conscience irresistibly affirms the fact of a divine government and man's responsibility. * *

"But did the reader ever reflect upon the ultimate basis of personal accountability? It rests upon the essential elements of manhood, upon those prerogatives and rights which properly belong to every human being, and by which he is infinitely separated from brutes and mere *things*. The chief of these is liberty, or the power to control his own acts, to form and execute his own decisions, to use his own being. Obligation depends on ability to both will and do. Now, a slave is, as such, a mere *chattel*. The chief distinction between him and a brute has been practically annihilated. He has lost his *manhood* and become *property*. * * *

"If, then, the Bible means to deny the accountability of this part of the human race, systematically and upon principle, it is repugnant to all the affirmations of natural conscience. If, on the other hand, it teaches universal rights and responsibility, and yet endorses slavery, which is the destruction of both, it most outrageously contradicts itself, and thus disproves its own inspiration.

"4. To teach that the Bible sanctions slaveholding is to destroy the evidence in its favour that is derived from its practical influence. * * Let us suppose the infidel, whose soul revolts against the injustice of slavery, to have listened to an argument at the South in favour of the Bible, drawn from its actual influence in elevating man. He concludes to apply the test and turns to ascertain what has been the practical effect of preaching the Gospel upon the system of slavery. * * * He discovers that nearly all the church members, who have the pecuniary ability, own slaves, including a goodly proportion of the ministers; that the preaching of the Gospel for two hundred years has resulted in giving a Scriptural sanction to the institution, and elevating oppression into a Christian virtue; that the Bible is universally acknowledged to be the word of God, and the perfect rule of life, and is yet relied on to prove the propriety of a system which reduces three millions of the inhabitants to the condition of chattels, in which, abjectly ignorant, and in every way degraded, they groan out a weary life, in unremitting and unpaid toil; a system which blights and destroys everything with which it comes in contact, bringing a curse upon agriculture, commerce, education, literature, society, morals and religion. He perceives that the chattel principle, or the doctrine that one man may be the property of another, is advocated on Scriptural grounds by the Governor in his message, the legislator in the halls of legislation, the professor from his chair, the judge from the bench, the editor from the columns of his paper, and the clergyman from the pulpit. * * * Such seems to be the unanimous sentiment of the Southern church, and such the practice which has been fostered by it in the name of religion. Then, as the infidel turns to the North, he finds a firm alliance between the Northern and Southern Church. Slaveholders are fellowshipped through the non-slaveholding States, and not a few of the ministers, theological professors, and other expounders of Scripture harmonize with Southern interpreters. The national benevolent societies, almost wholly supported by Northern Christians, throw their influence on the side of the oppressor. Thus some of them sustain missions, home and foreign, in which slaveholders are freely admitted to the church. The American Bible Society, while loudly condemning the Romish church for withholding the Bible from its members, has never been known, either in its annual reports or by its resolutions on anniversary occasions, to denounce the systematic exclusion of the Bible, by law and custom, from the slave population of our own land; and the American Tract Society, and the American Sunday School Union, though publishing against almost all other sins and immoralities, great and small, have persisted in excepting slavery, a silence which speaks more loudly for oppression, in the circumstances and relations of the case, than the published defence of others.

"What now must be the conclusion of the infidel as to the practical influence of the Gospel in favour of human elevation? * * * How can we believe that such a religion, and such a book, were given by God?" Pp. 30–44.

If we understand Mr. Patton, he means to represent the above argument as a sound and just one, in reply to those clergymen and church members who declare that the Bible sanctions slavery. But if it *is* sound and just, why does he call it an *infidel* argument? and why does he call the Abolitionists infidels for using it? and why does he set himself in opposition to Mr. Garrison, who has *always* taken, in regard to the relation of the Bible to slavery, the very position which he (Mr. Patton) *now* takes?

In conclusion, we would most earnestly and kindly ask Mr. Patton to consider whether he is not in error in admitting that the defenders of slavery are *Christians*, and that slavery has grown to its present prosperity in the South *under the preaching of the Gospel?* to consider further whether *his* definitions of the terms Christian and Gospel do not need revision, if they lead him to such gross self-contradiction? and to consider, lastly, whether Garrison's position—that those men are *not* Christians, and that the true Gospel of Christ is *not* preached at the South, either to masters or slaves—be not at once more correct, and more honourable to Jesus the great teacher, to his system, Christianity, and to the record of Christianity in the Bible?

UNITED STATES SENATORS.

THE Massachusetts House of Representatives, on the second day of the session, without even waiting for the Governor's Message, proceeded to the election of a U. S. Senator for six years from 4th of March next, Mr. Sumner's present term expiring at that time. It seemed to be the object of the members to respond, at the earliest possible moment and in the most impressive manner, to the public sentiment which demanded the reëlection of the favourite son of Massachusetts, CHARLES SUMNER. The vote was taken *viva voce*, 333 members pronouncing in favour of Mr. Sumner, and only 12 voting against him. These twelve representatives of decaying, crest-fallen Hunkerism *scattered* their votes upon Robert C. Winthrop, Rufus Choate, Edward Everett, and other fossils. The Boston *Advertiser*, in commenting upon the election of Mr. Sumner, mentions the following significant facts illustrative of the progress of public opinion:

"It is impossible to refrain from comparing the election of yesterday with Mr. Sumner's previous election in the same place six years ago. *Now* he receives nearly all the votes, on the first ballot, taken on the third day of the session, every member speaking aloud his vote. *Then* he received only the exact number necessary for a choice—one more than half the whole number—and the election was not effected until the 26th ballot, taken on the 114th day of the session (April 24, 1851), and the votes thrown in sealed envelopes. *Then* he was the candidate of a party which threw 27,636 votes in the State, at the preceding popular election, or about one-fifth of the whole number. *Now* he is the candidate of a party which threw 108,190 votes in the State, at the last popular election, or about two-thirds of the whole number. *Then* he was chosen to a body where he could expect to find but two or three associates sympathizing with his sentiments. *Now* he is a member of a party which has a majority in the lower House of Congress, and numbers a quarter of the members even of the Senate of the United States. Truly, *tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*."

In the Senate the vote for Sumner was *unanimous*.

In Rhode Island, the Senatorial contest, which at one time seemed likely to lead to a hopeless entanglement of parties, has resulted in the election of the Hon. JAMES F. SIMMONS, a man more eminent as a Tariff Whig than as a champion of liberty. We suppose, however, that he is not likely to fall below the average level of Republicanism.

In Pennsylvania, to the surprise of almost everybody, Col. John W. Forney, the regular Democratic candidate, though commanding the influence of the President elect, was beaten by SIMON CAMERON, who was elected on the first ballot by *one* majority, the vote standing as follows: Cameron 67; Forney 58; Foster 7; Wilkins 1. The Democrats were in a majority, but could not command their entire vote for Forney. Three Democrats voted for Cameron, and 8 others scattered. We rejoice in the defeat of an unscrupulous politician like Forney, but could wish he had been beaten by a better man than Cameron. We shall not be surprised if Forney takes the place of Campbell as Postmaster General. That he will fill some high post we have no doubt.

The Hon. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER has been nominated as the Republican candidate for the chair soon to be vacated by Gen. Cass, and as the party has a large majority in the Legislature, he will undoubtedly be elected. He is an eminent merchant of Detroit

The Hon. JAMES HARLAN of Iowa has been ousted from his seat by a party vote, on account of alleged informality in the mode of his election. The Legislature now in session will no doubt elect him so effectually as to defy all cavil.

HORRIBLE BARBARITY IN KENTUCKY.

A SLAVE WHIPPED AND BURNED TO DEATH.

PORTSMOUTH, O., Jan. 7, 1857.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

GENTLEMEN: You will, no doubt, feel somewhat surprised at receiving a communication from one who to yourselves is an utter stranger, but who is, nevertheless, with you, heart and hand, in the glorious work of human freedom.

Living as I do upon the dividing line between Kentucky and Ohio, you may be, perhaps, surprised to find that I am with you. But this is not what I sat down to write. I wish simply to give you a truthful picture of one of the horrid scenes that are occasionally transacted in our neighbouring slaveholding State.

Happening to have occasion to visit Carter County, Ky., last week, I was made the unwilling witness of a scene of barbarity that would have made the blood-thirsty Nero tremble. It seems, from what I afterwards learned, that the slaves of one William McMinnis, quite an extensive farmer of Carter County, were suspected of being engaged in a conspiracy to rise, upon a certain night, and, in connection with the slaves upon an adjoining farm, murder the white people. This report having gained credence, the slaves were arrested and tried by one of those mock-courts so common in the Southern country. One negro, who was supposed to be in the conspiracy, was closely questioned and threatened with severe punishment in case he did not reveal the whole affair. The negro stoutly denied having anything to do with such a proceeding, disclaimed any knowledge of an insurrection, and begged to be released. But he was doomed to be tortured until he confessed. In order to intimidate the other slaves, it was deemed necessary to torture this miserable creature before their eyes. Accordingly, he was stripped—the weather being cold—and then he received 200 lashes on the bare back. Still, the negro swore that he knew nothing about the insurrection. Not yet satisfied, these inhuman monsters, excited as it were by the blood they had already drawn, proceeded to tie him up to a stake, with the evident intention of burning him. When told he was next to be burned, the screams of the poor creature were indeed terrific and heart-rending; but, despite his entreaties and cries, a pile of dry wood was heaped around him, and again he was told if he would not confess he would be burned to a crisp; still he refused, when the pile was lighted, and soon began to blaze around the victim. Unable longer to witness such unexampled cruelty, I rode away and made an effort to get some neighbours to go and stop the inhuman proceedings, but was told to "mind my own business." I learned afterwards that the negro was so burned that he died next day.

Scenes like this have occurred in this section of Kentucky before, but the newspapers studiously avoid publishing the account of them, and they remain unheard of, unless some humane passer-by happens to witness them.

With my best wishes for success in your glorious undertaking of liberating the human race,

I remain, yours truly, JOHN KINGSLEY.

DIABOLICAL THREAT.—The Richmond (Va.) *Examiner* of the 5th instant, in the utterance of the following threat, reveals the spirit of diabolism which actuates the slave-breeders of the Old Dominion:

"They (Northern men) are only ripening the Southern mind for the alternative of reducing again to bondage the free negroes whom we have emancipated in a mistaken feeling of humanity. Disagreeable as this alternative may be to the South, it is rapidly becoming more and more a measure of necessity and protection against the effect of Abolitionist tamperings with the blacks of the South. There are in Virginia alone upwards of 54,000 free negroes, who are for the most part drones on our society, who, if employed southward in the cultivation of cotton, would add to our national wealth, and who, if sold at the moderate sum of $400 a head for the benefit of the State Treasury, would produce a fund of $20,000,000 for the prosecution of internal improvements."

The mind which could deliberately propose to perpetrate a gigantic villany like this must be sunk to the deepest level of moral debasement. Let Virginia proceed to execute her threat, if she dare. Although, logically considered, such a piece of knavery would be the most natural thing in the world, and though it could scarcely augment the load of guilt and infamy that rests upon her, it would, unquestionably, do more than almost anything else to excite the abhorrence of the whole civilized and Christian world, and to array against the hellish system of slavery a power which would defy all the restraints of constitutions, compacts, and commercial conservatism.

REV. DANIEL FOSTER has been elected Chaplain of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* says: "Mr. Foster is a zealous Abolitionist, and I not long ago saw him with a Sharpe's rifle, he being then about to start for Kansas. He has postponed his visit for the present. Mr. Foster is an able and honest man, and will do his duty, without regard to consequences, wherever he is. In religion, I should call him now a *Calvinistic Parkerite*. Mr. Parker himself received 22 votes." Mr. Foster is the man who, being one of the crowd assembled on Long Wharf, in Boston, to witness the kidnapping of Thomas Sims by the United States officials, lifted up his voice in prayer to God in behalf of the poor fugitive, and that his kidnappers might be brought to repentance. The pious conservatism of Boston was dreadfully shocked by his praying then, and we fear it will go into spasms now that the "great and General Court" has employed him to offer its daily intercessions for Divine guidance. What are we coming to?

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent hath many happenings—He is sentimental; but recovereth himself—He recapitulateth and huggeth himself in his plenty—He giveth an account of the Plymouth Meeting—And of the Speakers—He censureth *The Tribune's* Reporter—He giveth him a Scriptural reference with an ursine inuendo—He disparageth his oratorical criticism—He discourseth of personal identities and hinteth at personal hostilities—He telleth of midnight attempts on life at Plymouth—And of their effects—Of the Bazaar, also—Of its elements of success—And of their successful workings—He telleth of the Anti Slavery Festival in Faneuil Hall—He is parenthetical and hath anxieties touching nasal dislocations—He is gingerly as to the President-Substitute—Yet doeth him justice—He speaketh well of the Speaking, of the Supper, and of the Provider—He concludeth with the praises of M. Thalberg, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, Jan. 11, 1857.

A GOOD many things have happened since I told you, in my last letter, of the pleasant days I passed on the banks of the Hudson, and again bade them farewell with a sigh of pleasure. And yet not so, neither, for

"There can be no farewell to scenes like those!"

What a blessed thing is that *camera obscura* which we carry about with us in our heads, by letting a pencil of the light of memory into which we can see distinctly before us distant scenes and absent faces dressed in the summer or in the smiles they wore when last we saw them! Happy they whose Magic Lantern has nothing but sunshine and smiles to bring before them! But that is neither here nor there. I was telling you that a good deal has happened since I last wrote to you. Let me see what it is. O, yes! I remember. There was the Plymouth Meeting on Forefathers' Day, the Boston Anti-Slavery Bazaar, and the Festival in Celebration of the Formation of the First Anti-Slavery Society on the principle of Immediate Emancipation. Either of these, well spun out, would supply raw material enough for the weaving of a very creditable letter, as far as length is concerned. It is a pity that they should all come at once. But it will not do to complain of this plenty after having had so often to grumble at the famine in the land of the necessaries of epistolary life. So we will take them in order, if you please.

The Plymouth Celebration went off with the success, public and private, which all who have ever assisted at one know to be a matter of course and necessity. Mr. Garrison, Mr. Phillips, and your late Corresponding Editor, together with Mr. Ford, were the speakers of the occasion, and they had right good audiences to address. Davis's Hall was well filled at all the sessions, and entirely so on the last evening. I see that you copied into THE STANDARD, week before last, for the purpose, undoubtedly, of holding it up to the indignation of your readers, a scurrilous account of this Meeting, containing gross personal attacks on the three gentlemen first mentioned, well worthy of the proverbial malignity of the print from which it was taken. It was perfectly proper, and entirely natural, in *The Tribune*, to send a reporter to Plymouth to give its readers an account of so interesting a Meeting. But I think they should have selected one who would confine himself to his proper office without ventilating his malice at the expense of the heads of the chief speakers. Whoever this Mr. Byles may be, I should commend to his careful perusal that chapter in the Old Testament which tells of the punishment which overtook certain offenders for making disrespectful allusions to Bald Heads, and mend his own manners accordingly. And he did n't think much of the speeches of your late Corresponding Editor, forsooth! I think he had better try and make better speeches himself, before girding in this unscrupulous way at the speeches of other people.

I am astonished to find that even some of your readers are so little intelligent as to give in to the delusion, which he has doubtless promoted to gratify his own vanity, that this Mr. Byles and your late Corresponding Editor are one and the same person. They would have been soon disabused on this point had they overheard, as I did, this latter gentleman indignantly declare that if he ever caught the offender in question, he should incontinently give him a good *licking*. They will see at once from this how little affinity there can be between the two. But let us pass by this person and his malignant effusions with the contempt they merit and return to Plymouth. I am sorry to say that besides these public attacks on the characters of the principal persons assisting on that occasion, there were attempts of a more private nature upon their lives, which in more than one instance had nearly proved effectual. As we all survived and returned safely to Boston, I will not go into the particulars of these midnight designs. It is enough to say that, whether the treatment we received was intended to shorten our days or not, it most unquestionably had the effect of very materially abbreviating our *nights*.

On arriving in town we found the Bazaar in the full tide of successful preparation, which turned into one of successful experiment the next day. The success of this institution is now so well established that it is taken for granted before it begins. It has two distinct but important elements of success. The one, a feeling, which is felt more generally than it is confessed, that prompts persons who stand aloof from the ordinary operations of the cause to give it indirect but valuable helping through this important function. The other is the well-grounded repute of the Bazaar of having European objects of curiosity and taste in advance of the shops. This is done through the watchful vigilance of Anti-Slavery persons, principally ladies, who are diligent to watch for the first foam that creams on the incoming wave of fashion, in Paris and elsewhere, and to whip it off and send it on before the tradesmen have got an inkling of it. So well is this understood that the hall of sale is crowded at the very moment the doors are opened, by ladies of wealth and taste, who know by experience that they can get curious and elegant matters there that can be had nowhere else in the country. In consequence of this faith, which has never failed to become sight, between fifteen and sixteen hundred dollars were taken on the first day, this year, a sum considerably exceeding any first fruits of any preceding Bazaar, if I remember rightly. And the gross amount—more than Five Thousand Dollars—taken this year is an advance on the receipts of any previous one. This must be a most gratifying result to the ladies who have been so unsparing of their pains and of their time to furnish the Cause with such timely and essential succour.

On Friday night, Jan. 2d, the Commemorative Festival, of which I spoke above as one of the happenings I had to tell of, took place. But inasmuch as you intend publishing the proceedings in full in the same paper with this letter (unless, indeed, the Report shall crowd the Letter over to next week, which I am perfectly content should be the case—a week or so making little difference with one who writes for posterity)—I say, such being your intention, I don't see that the happening can help me much. Your account (or Mr. Yerrinton's) must needs put the nose of mine out of joint. I will only say that if the party assembled in Faneuil Hall did not have a good time, they were arch-deceivers all, for they all assumed the appearance of it in the most artful manner. And if they did not, they took their punishment as they went along, like the Universalists in the conundrum, for they held on with the patience of martyrs unto the end. Mr. Garrison was called to the Chair; but, not finding himself strong enough for the place, soon resigned it to your late Corresponding Editor. My personal relations with this gentleman are not such as to place any criticism of mine on his manner of presiding above the cavils of the envious—though, I trust, I shall always be ready to defend even him from the slanderous assaults of other and rival presses. As to his speeches from the Chair, I cannot say whether if Mr. Byles had been there he would have thought much of them or not; but I will truly say that, if he had been, I should have been most happy if he could have made better ones. Whatever may have been the quality of the speaking of the President-Substitute, he was certainly the cause of good speaking in others. I never listened to speaking for four or five hours successively that was so unquestionably good. As your leader on the subject said last week, "there was literally no *boring*," which is certainly the rarest, as it is the highest, praise for an entertainment of this kind. The gayeties and the gravities of the occasion were most justly commingled and produced exactly the effect on the minds of those present that was the fittest and the most lasting. The floor and platform were covered with tables, and every place was filled. The entertainment was ample and elegant and did great credit to Mr. J. B. Smith, who stands at the head of his business of public and private caterer in these parts.

The visit of M. Thalberg is also an event well worth mentioning in any writing that tells the current history of the town. The great pianist has astonished great numbers by his marvels of execution, and is still delighting increasing crowds. All competent to judge place him far in advance of any who have claimed distinction in the same line of art. His modest and unassuming demeanour, and the liberality with which he gives away his music to learners and to those whom the price of his tickets might keep away (which seems to prove that it is love of art and of fame that inspire him rather than love of money), distinguish him honourably from most of the musical celebrities who have been as remarkable for the price they set upon their wares, and for the sense of condescension in affording them at all, as for the intrinsic value of the merchandise.

D. Y.

DISUNIONISM AMONG THE SPIRITUALISTS.—Last Sunday evening Mr. Finney, who has been lecturing for several successive Sundays to the congregation of Spiritualists at Dodworth's Hall in this city, in the course of his lecture avowed disunion sentiments as rank as ever were hissed at an anti-slavery meeting. "Talk about union between slavery and liberty," said he, "it is the absurdest thing that ever entered the brain of man. There is no union and never will be in America until universal liberty in the hearts of men shall make universal liberty in the institutions of America. You cannot dodge the issue much longer; liberty and slavery must meet in deadly grasp, and one must triumph forever." The lecturer said much more upon the subject quite as bold and forcible as this, expressing in conclusion the conviction that the grand ideal of a Republic in this country was, nevertheless, not a failure—that men would not believe it—that they had too much faith in the eternity of truth to give up the struggle by which slavery was to be overthrown. Not the least sign of disapprobation was shown, so far as we could perceive, but the breathless silence with which this part of the discourse was listened to betrayed evidence of approval.

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC for 1857 contains, besides the usual astronomical calculations and calendars, the following important matter, viz.: Officers of the United States Government, Executive, Judicial and Legislative (Members of 34th Congress complete, and members of 35th as far as chosen—politically classified); A succinct and faithfully written History of Kansas from 1854 to Dec. 16, 1856; Governments of Europe—names of Sovereigns and States; An Account of the Contest for Speaker of the 34th Congress; Brief account of the Doings and Misdoings of Walker and his Fillibuster Followers in Nicaragua. Condition of Europe in 1856; Condensed Statement of Acts of the 34th Congress, first session; Jefferson's Anti-Slavery Ordinance in the Continental Congress, 1784; Platforms of the three Political Parties; Election Returns from all the States of the Union; List of States, Capitals, Governors, times of meeting of Legislatures, holding of Elections, &c.; Population of the United States in 1856; Statistics of Banking. This matter, condensed into the smallest possible space, fills 64 pages. Sold for 12 1-2 cents single, $1 per dozen. New York: Greeley & McElrath.

"HERALDS OF FREEDOM."—C. H. Brainard, 124 Washington street, Boston, has just issued a fine lithographic print, under the above head (intended as a companion to the "Champions of Freedom"), in which are presented the portraits of William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Gerrit Smith, Joshua R. Giddings and Samuel J. May. The portraits were drawn by Grozelier, from Daguerreotypes taken expressly for the purpose. They are all, with one exception, admirably true to life. We do not think the artist has quite done justice to the benignant countenance of Gerrit Smith. Our judgment, however, must not be received as infallible. See publisher's advertisement in another column.

We have also received from Mr. Brainard copies of two different portraits of Charles Sumner, one of them inscribed with an extract from his last speech in the Senate, and both excellent likenesses; also his portrait of Henry Wilson and Jesse Fremont, and a beautiful picture of two little Children, "Starlight and Sunbeam."

These and other engravings published by Mr. Brainard may be obtained of W. Schauss, 629 Broadway.

SUNNY SIDE.—*The Liberator* publishes the following extract of a letter from SALLIE HOLLEY, dated Sherwood, Cayuga Co., Dec. 27th, 1856. Other agents labouring in this State having given rather doleful accounts of the state of public feeling, it is pleasant to note this experience of sunshine.

"You will be glad to know that our movement in this region is promoted by old friends and new. We have not to complain of the inconstancy of Abolitionists; on the contrary, it is very pleasant to find the same hearts and homes open to us and our mission that welcomed us five years ago. And better still, these have not bated one jot of heart or hope in the good work of the slave's redemption. As to disunion, nobody seems any longer to take fright at its possibility. All I talk with have become familiarized with the idea, and take to it kindly. They say, 'Better disunion than to go on as we have done.'

"There is more anti-slavery intelligence pervading the community than I have found at any previous time—altogether an awakened interest, that I should think would be encouraging to any lecturer."

ANNUAL REPORT.—The Twenty-third Annual Report of the American Anti-Slavery Society is now published, and may be obtained at this office for 25 cents. The topics of which it treats are the following, viz.: Kansas; The Political Parties; The American Board; The American Tract Society; Case of Passmore Williamson; The Garner Family; Obituary—J. B. Estlin; Anti-Slavery Operations—Lecturing—Tract Department—Newspapers—Fairs. These topics are treated from the stand-point of uncompromising Abolitionism, so long occupied by the Society, and with that fidelity to truth which has ever marked its Reports. An appendix contains the proceedings of the Society at its last Anniversary, and lists of the officers of the various State auxiliaries.

THE [London] ANTI-SLAVERY ADVOCATE for January has just come to hand. It is a capital number, every line instinct with true anti-slavery life—every word at once a well-directed blow at American Slavery, and an appeal to British philanthroy in behalf of a cause which transcends all geographical and national distinctions. In reading the successive issues of this small but mightily efficient representative of the *living* Anti-Slavery of Great Britain, our heart is always cheered and strengthened, and a desire at once arises that it might haply find its way to every anti-slavery family in the United States. Even extracts from the American anti-slavery journals seem invested with fresh interest in the new setting given them by our transatlantic coadjutor.

THE FANEUIL HALL FESTIVAL.—The courtesy of *The Liberator* in forwarding proof-slips enables us to conclude, this week, Mr. Yerrinton's faithful report of the addresses delivered at the Anti-Slavery Festival in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the evening of the 2d inst. The occasion was one of rare interest, and we are sure our readers will not think the report any too long. Let us hope that to those who shall be alive to celebrate the same event, at the end of the next twenty-five years, may be allotted the unspeakable pleasure of rejoicing over the final consummation of the great object for which the Society was organized, viz.: THE EMANCIPATION OF EVERY SLAVE ON THE AMERICAN SOIL.

—The following letter, having been received too late to be placed in its proper connection, on the previous page, must be inserted here.

LETTER FROM HON. WILLIAM JAY.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1857.

DEAR SIR: I this day received the invitation of the Committee of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society to the Festival of the 2d inst. It would not have been in my power to attend, had the invitation reached me in time; but I would have embraced the opportunity of expressing in a letter my admiration of the zeal and fidelity exhibited by the members of the Society in the cause of human freedom, and my own undiminished devotion to the same great and righteous cause; a cause in my opinion identified with the present and future happiness of millions, in the life that now is, and in that which is to come.

I remain, dear sir, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM JAY.

W. L. Garrison, Esq.

CANE FROM KANSAS FOR MR. SUMNER.—The Free State men of Kansas have presented Mr. Sumner with a cane. "The head," says the Boston correspondent of *The Tribune*, "represents a hand choking a snake. The snake's body is coiled half-way down the cane. Between its folds are fifteen knots, each of them, it is supposed, representing a slave State. On the lower part of the cane are sixteen knots—one for every free State. Where's Noble? Will President Pierce issue another proclamation? The Union is in danger, this time, sure!"

THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR, which closed on the 3d inst., as we learn from *The Liberator*, proved more successful than in any previous year. The receipts were somewhat more than FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. This, considering the pinched state of the money market and the exhausting pecuniary tax of the late Presidential conflict, is a result upon which the friends of the cause may well congratulate one another. We await with high anticipations the official report, from the pen of Mrs. Chapman.

OUR thanks are due to Senator Wilson and Mr. Giddings for copies of their recent Congressional speeches.

THE *Louisville Journal's* notice of "The Autobiography of a Female Slave," published last week, though in the least conspicuous part of our sheet, cannot have failed to arrest the attention of any careful reader. The weight of its censure increased the significance of its tribute to the genius of the author. Another and a very different critique of the same work, from a New York religious journal, will be found on the fourth page.

HENRY WARD BEECHER will preach, on Sunday morning next, at the Broadway Tabernacle, a Discourse on the Genius and Destiny of the Coloured Race, in behalf of the fund now being raised for the erection of an edifice in Washington, D. C., for the use of Miss Miner's School for Coloured Children.

Summary.

NEGRO TESTIMONY.—A bill has been introduced in the Legislature of North Carolina to admit negro testimony in cases where white persons are tried for exciting insurrection.

"The Sons of Freedom" is the name of a new secret organization in New York and the Southern cities, said to be numerous and powerful, whose object is the seizure of Cuba, in order to add it to our slave domain. The name of the order is justified by the Irish rule of contraries.

Horace Greeley has prosecuted the Iowa State *Gazette* for libel, also the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. The *Gazette* stated that Mr. Greeley was employed by the Des Moines Navigation and Railroad Company at Washington last Winter as a lobby agent in their service, and with having been paid for such service the sum of one thousand dollars.

In the Circuit Court at Hernando, Miss., the slave Lemuel was found guilty of the murder of Mr. Scallings, and sentenced to be hung on the 9th of January. In the case of the State vs. H. W. Bass, for the murder of S. W. Phillips, the jury returned a verdict of guilty. Jefferson W. Steen was sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty years.

A WHOLE FAMILY TO BE HUNG.—The five negroes—a grandmother, mother and three sons (the eldest 19 and the youngest 12)—who killed their master, the late George Green, in Prince William County, Va., on Christmas night last, were fully convicted on Tuesday night last after a trial lasting two days. They are sentenced to be hung in thirty days after the date of their conviction.

STILL AT THE TABLE.—The Hon. Mr. Keitt, of the chivalric State of South Carolina, presented a petition from the Legislature thereof, praying for the improvement of a harbour and the defence thereof by a fort. We are glad to see this. A child who has a lively sense of paternal bread and butter has no idea of running away. South Carolina always had this evidence of good sense. It cried, bawled and threatened, but always came home to supper.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

PENALTY OF HOSPITALITY TO SUMNER.—The following notice from the Blair County (Pa.) *Whig* is more interesting than at first sight appears:

"*Post-Office Appointment.*—John Troxel has been appointed Postmaster at Cresson, Pa., *in place of Dr. R. M. S. Jackson.*"

Dr. Jackson, who is thus displaced, is the physician with whom Mr. Sumner stayed during the month of August on the Alleghany Mountains. Thus early is he called to pay the penalty of his hospitality.

OUR REMEDY HAS SUCCEEDED.—Our rallying cry will be Disunion! Disunion! whenever we are threatened with such a fate. The danger for the present is passed. Our remedy has succeeded. We will preserve and cherish the remedy to be used whenever similar dangers occur.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

The above is a very candid confession. We would suggest, however, that the *Enquirer* inquire of the youth who cried "Wolf—Wolf," that people laughed even when the wolf was upon him, whether the indiscriminate use of such a "remedy" will pay. It is our impression that it will not.—*Bost. Chron.*

RETROGRADE.—A few weeks since we had occasion to contrast the instruction allowed in the coloured Sabbath schools of Memphis, and other places in Tennessee, with the intolerance displayed in other parts of the South, where it is a penitentiary offence to teach a coloured child to read—and that rigorously enforced. But since the insurrection panic, all these cities have stopped the instruction of coloured persons in reading the Bible, by a severe and summary ordinance.—*Examiner.*

The kidnapping excitement still continues among the negroes at Salem, N. J., and the *Standard* says that last week one of the city officers was compelled to take under his charge a strange negro and lock him in jail to protect him from a mob of his own colour. They had conceived the impression that he was a spy sent there by kidnappers for the purpose of ascertaining the locality of certain fugitives. When taken by the officer, he was in the hands of the mob, who were determined to disqualify him from carrying out what they supposed to be his mission. The jail was watched the entire night by the negroes; and had the darkey been caught, his fate would have been hard.

OUR FREE AND GEL-ORIOUS COUNTRY.—We have just received a note from a subscriber in a Southern State, which, though it flatters us, reflects rather severely upon the country. Read it:

Messrs.—Although I subscribed to your paper for the sole purpose of receiving the local news of my native State and county, I am *compelled* to request its discontinuance. *I am not allowed to receive it here.* Under more favourable circumstances, I may renew my subscription.

P. S. Please send no more numbers until further notice from me.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE VERMONT STATE HOUSE BURNED.—On the night of the 6th inst. the State House at Montpelier was destroyed by fire. The *Watchman* says the walls stand firmly, and can all be saved by weather-boarding to keep out rain and snow. The archives in the State Department are entirely safe—the fire-proof room having proved perfect. The library was saved in the main, a few copies of Vermont Reports being the most valuable of the books lost. The mineralogical cabinet and the papers belonging to Henry Stevens were lost. Of the latter, however, that part relating to revolutionary services can be made up from the original papers which are in the State Department—safe.

A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.—A woman has been tried in the Court of Common Pleas in this city, during the past week, for violation of the liquor law, who is known as "Mary Jane, the liquor pedlar," of Attleboro'. She travelled about the country with a horse and wagon, her article of traffic being rum, which she supplied with a liberal hand to such of the thirsty as could raise the necessary funds. A baby was the companion of her wanderings while dispensing spiritual comforts to her patrons. She was sentenced to 40 days' imprisonment in the House of Reformation. "Mary Jane" is a woman about 35 years of age, and is evidently very progressive and goaheadative.—*New Bedford (Mass.) Standard.*

MR. BEECHER IN UTICA.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered his lecture on "The Commonwealth" at Utica, on Wednesday evening. It was reported in the streets that he would not be allowed to speak; a handbill was circulated headed—"Shall the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher disgrace Utica?" and concluded with this notice: "There will be a concert of 'The Union Family' of this city, in front of Mechanics' Hall, at 6.30 p. m., precisely." This notice, in connection with the preceding facts, was meant to be a call for a gathering to disturb the lecturer. But the evening came and Mr. B. lectured without molestation. It is not necessary that such proceedings as these should be reduced to practice in order to render them disgraceful. They are sufficiently so in theory.—*Syracuse Journal.*

HOW MR. BUCHANAN'S INAUGURAL WILL BE WRITTEN.—During the late Presidential canvass, and at the moment a gallant Senator from the South was proclaiming the certain election of Mr. Buchanan, a feather dropped at his feet from the wing of an eagle that was flying over. The gentleman preserved the quill, and, to-day, had it forwarded to Mr. Buchanan, to write his inaugural address with. It was not plucked by man from the wing, but was the free *gift* of our national bird.—*Wash. Cor. Alexandria Sentinel.*

The Lancaster *Intelligencer* says the above statement is correct. Senator Brown, of Mississippi, is the gentleman referred to. The quill is now in possession of Mr. Buchanan, at Wheatland, where we saw it on Friday, and, in accordance with the request of the "gallant Senator," it will be used by the President elect in writing his Inaugural Address.

SOUTHERN NEWSPAPERS.—Our Southern newspaper brethren are in a "deuce of a fix." They cannot make the business work down there, south of Mason and Dixon's line. A Southern agricultural journal has lately suspended. The Charleston *Standard* thinks they might as well give up printing papers there, just as they have given up the making of cottons, &c. The Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle* thinks there is no support there for a newspaper, people are so languid about it. The Columbia (S. C.) *Times* believes the Southern people will support anything short of a paper printed South. The Augusta (Ga.) *Constitutionalist* says it would be better to patronize the Northern papers, as it is impossible for them down there to keep up with the spirit of the age. This is all very well, a very honest confession; it is undoubtedly true and corroborates what has been often stated before.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

AMERICAN PECULIARITIES.—A correspondent of the London *Athenæum*, writing from Pompeii, gives the following account of a conversation with an American who was there at the time and who seems to have found credulous auditors:

"The American affirmed that in his country they stood better than in any country in the world. He had lately crossed the Atlantic, and on board a party of gentlemen were discussing the character of a lady whose fame was of rather a gossamer web; but he had observed that that lady had twenty cousins who would all be happy to wait upon any one of them, and deep silence was the result. Such was the high courtesy and the advanced civilization of the Americans! 'Did they carry bowie-knives in his part of the country?' 'Well, he did not know but what most of the young sparks, when they stripped, could turn out a bowie-knife and a revolver—it was the fashion. He had once seen three men laid dead in an hot-el. There was a Judge who had come down to be married, and who went to his tailor's to try on a coat. The Judge did not like it—tailor said it was well made—so a quarrel arose, and tailor and party waylaid the Judge and his party, and had a shot at them after dinner in the public room. The Judge returned the fire, for he had his knife and revolver, and, after laying three dead, retreated up stairs amid a parting volley of shots. It was the very last case which Judge —— tried, and they were all acquitted.' But I must not prolong these illustrations of men and manners; yet they belong to the day in which they were sketched so graphically by our Yankee friend, and have a very antique or mediæval cut."

COL. BENTON IN A YANKEE KITCHEN.—Col Benton, the gentleman who does not lecture for money (but who condescendingly takes $200 when lecture committees offer it, and isn't satisfied unless they do), and who asserts that the word "lady" is not to be found in the Bible, has been surprised. While on his visit to New England, he was much impressed with the factory towns, and particularly with the style in which the operatives live. All this he has stated in an address from which we quote:

"They live in large, stately, elegant houses, and you enter in the same manner as you enter a parlour in Washington. You ring the bell and wait till the girl comes and opens it. You are shown into the parlour, where you see the same kind of furniture as you will find in a Congressman's boarding-house in Washington city. You sit down and inquire for whom you want. It was near dinner hour when I went up to one of those houses, and I carried my curiosity so far as to ask the mistress of the house to take me into the cooking department and show me how she cooked. She said she was taken unawares and was not prepared for it. I said that was exactly the thing I wanted; I wanted to see it as it was every day. Without more ado she opened the door and led me in, and there was cooking going on in a room so neat that a lady might sit there and carry on her sewing or ornamental work. This was the condition in which I found the houses of the operatives; and to all these comforts they add the leisure to read and cultivate the mind. I dwell upon that, fellow-citizens, as one of the circumstances which struck me in my visit to New England."

DIED.

CAMBELL.—At New Lebanon Springs, N. Y., on Sunday 28th December, 1856, in the 55th year of her age, Mrs. Sylvia C., wife of David Cambell, formerly proprietor of the Water-Cure Establishment at that place.

Special Notices.

☞ TOUR TO THE WEST.—WM. WELLS BROWN will read the new Drama written by himself, in favour of freedom, alled "Experience, or How to Give a Northern Man a Back-Bone, at

OBEBLIN, Ohio.............................Monday, Jan. 19.

☞ NEW YORK STATE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION—A State Anti-Slavery Convention for the State of New York will be held at ALBANY, probably on the 21st and 22d of February. Time and place of meetings to be duly announced. W. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, Benjamin S. and J. Elizabeth Jones, Charles Lenox and Sarah P. Remond, Aaron M. Powell, Susan B. Anthony and others, will be in attendance.

Admission to Day Sessions, *Free;* Evening Sessions, 25 cts.

☞ COUNTY ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS to be attended by Stephen S. Foster, Benjamin S. and J. Elizabeth Jones, will be held as follows—time and place to be hereafter announced.

BINGHAMPTON, Broome Co	2d	week in	Jan.	1857.
OWEGO, Tioga Co	3d	"	"	"
ITHACA, Tompkins Co	4th	"	"	"
ELMIRA, Chemung Co	1st	"	in Feb.,	"
BATH, Steuben Co	2d	"	"	"

Ten cents admission at *Evening* Sessions to defray expenses.

☞ NEW YORK CAMPAIGN!—A series of County Anti-Slavery Conventions, under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will be held as follows, time and place of meetings to be hereafter announced:

ROME, Oneida Co.,	2d	week in	Jan.	1857.
HERKIMER, Herkimer Co.,	3d	"	"	"
JOHNSTOWN, Fulton, Co.,	4th	"	"	"
AMSTERDAM, Montgomery Co.,	1st	"	Feb.	"
HUDSON, Columbia Co.,	1st	"	"	"

The first five of these Conventions will be attended by Chas. Lenox and Sarah P. Remond, Aaron M. Powell, Susan B. Anthony, and others.

HUDSON CONVENTION will be attended by Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, and Aaron M. Powell.

Admission to Day Sessions, Free; Evening Sessions, 10 cts., to defray expenses.

Advertisements.

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Address C. H. BRAINARD, 124 Washington st., or WM. C. NELL, office of The Liberator. Sold by W. SCHAUS, 629 Broadway, New York.

THE TRIBUNE FOR 1857.

The election is past, and its result proves that the work devolved on the Republican party is not yet completed. In all the Eastern and Northern portions of the country—in New England, New York, Ohio and the North-West—the Republican banner floats in triumph; while in Southern Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois—in short, wherever few newspapers are taken, and where common schools are too new and too feeble to have educated the present generation of voters—the black flag of Slavery obstructs the sunshine. A stranger to America might distinguish those portions of our country most blessed with Education, Intelligence, Thrift and Virtue, by scanning the returns of the Presidential contest of 1856. We have failed of present success, not because the People are against us, but because that large portion who did not hear or read the argument, and do not know what were the real questions at issue, went almost solid against us, reversing the verdict which the great majority of the educated and intelligent endeavoured to pronounce.

These facts indicate the path of pressing duty. With no unmanly repinings over what is irrevocable—with no abatement of heart or hope because the triumph of Liberty in her new ordeal is not won at the Long Island and White Plains of her struggle—with no shadow of regret that the responsibility of governing is not confided to her champions before the People were fully ready to sustain them—we begin afresh the work of diffusing that vital truth which, in regard to the concerns of this world as well as of the next, makes Free indeed. Now, in the Slave Power's heyday of victory, when its ministers and servitors are gathering and plotting to make the most of their triumph and "crush out" the spirit which they vainly believe to be crucified and entombed—now, when the faint-hearted or cold-hearted who lately basked in the sunshine of our premature hopes are hauling off to repair damages and talking of abandoning the rugged arena of Politics for more quiet and flowery fields—now, in this hour of weariness and shadow, THE TRIBUNE renews its vows of eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the bodies or souls of men—to the shameful assumption that the benighted and feeble, whether in soul or body, are to be regarded and treated as the convenience or the prey of their wiser or stronger brethren—to the domination of despots and oligarchs, whether of empires or plantations—to the enslavers of cities and kingdoms in Europe or the breeders of children for the auction-block and the cotton-field in Virginia or Alabama.

The doctrine that no human being was ever created for the benefit or advantage of another—that all service between man and man should be free and reciprocal—that the labourer should not toil and sweat to pamper others' pride or minister to others' luxury, but for the sustenance and comfort of those near and dear to him—is destined to certain triumph. It *must* prevail, for God reigns, and Earth was not created to be a theatre of injustice, oppression and misery forever. It *must* triumph; for all true prophecy affirms and the vindication of the Divine benignity imperatively requires it. It *must* triumph; for Democratic America cannot always remain the scoff of aristocrats and the shame of reformers and liberals throughout the Old World. It *must* triumph; for Man's history is not a chaos or a riddle, but everywhere instinct with meaning; and no heroic effort ever failed of its effect; no drop of martyr blood was ever shed in vain.

But even if we Republicans were disposed to fold our arms in slumber, our adversaries would not permit it. They are busy to-day in lengthening their cords and strengthening their stakes with a vigilance and activity which reveals a consciousness on their part that their dominion must be made sure forthwith or their sceptre will have forever departed. To-day, myrmidons of the Slave Power threaten and harass Northern Mexico, are encamped in the heart of Central America and waging a war of extermination on the distracted inhabitants of its petty Republics, while it by turns leers and scowls at Cuba, while its most ruthless bands are precipitated on devoted Kansas, under the protection and smiles of the Federal Administration. Even as we write, the telegraph informs us that twenty Free State men, guilty of attempting to defend their homes against the rapine and violence of Buford's and Titus's blood-thirsty bandits, have been convicted, by Lecompte's Court, of manslaughter! and sentenced to five years' imprisonment at hard labour as felons. This is but a fair specimen of what has long passed for "justice" in Kansas—a justice which takes the criminals into pay and aids them in hunting down, plundering and "wiping out" the innocent, whom it consigns to the State prison if they are ever goaded into the madness of resisting their oppressors. Such crimes and wrongs as unhappy Kansas has for twelve months endured, even Hungary or Poland has never known; and the Power at whose instigation these villanies were and are perpetrated sits enthroned in the White House, and has just achieved another four years' ascendancy in the Federal Government. Who, in view of these facts, can say that the Republicans may now pile their arms, even for an hour?

The Tribune will be, as it has been, a Political journal—avowedly, though not exclusively so. It recognises the truth that Freedom and Slavery are here grappled in deadly conflict, and that in the result one of them must lose all control over the Federal Government. But, while it gives prominence and emphasis to the discussion and elucidation of the great issue of the day, it sinks none of the characteristics of a Business and Family Newspaper. The proceedings of Congress, like those in Kansas, will be watched and reported by an able and fearless corps of Correspondents, while from London, Paris, Constantinople, Havana, San Francisco, Albany and other centres of interest, our special advices will be, as they have been, fresh and reliable. A member of our Editorial *corps*—Bayard Taylor—is now in Northern Europe, and will spend the Winter in Sweden, Lapland, Russia, thence making his way next season across Siberia and Tartary to the mouth of the Amour, and thence homeward by the Pacific and California, unless some change of route shall promise greater interest and profit to our readers, for whom alone he will write regularly throughout his adventurous journey, which is likely to require two years for its completion. Our reports of the most interesting Lectures, Public Meetings, &c., will be full and reliable, and our Foreign and Domestic News made up with a careful regard to the condensation into our ample columns of the greatest amount of intelligence that is consistent with the use of type of generous size. In short, if we fail to make The Tribune worth its cost, it shall not be for want of expenditure or effort.

If it be deemed desirable by Republicans that The Tribune should be circulated in their several localities, we urge them to see that Clubs be made up and forwarded in due season. The Postmasters are semi officially admonished not to aid our circulation, but to urge instead that of journals deemed "sound" and "National" by the compatriots of Atchison and Stringfellow. We ask live Republicans everywhere to take care that these efforts be not effectual to quench the light of Freedom in the murky mists of Slavery.

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Twenty Copies, to address of each subscriber, and any larger number at the rate of $1 20 each	24 00

Any person sending us a club of twenty or over will be entitled to an extra copy.

We continue to send The Weekly Tribune to clergymen at $1 per year.

Subscriptions may commence at any time. Payment in advance is required in all cases, and the paper is invariably discontinued at the expiration of the advance payment.

Money may be remitted for subscriptions in letters at our risk; but the Postmaster at the place where the letter is mailed should be made acquainted with its contents, and keep a description of the bills. When drafts can be obtained, they are much safer than to send bills.

Bills of any specie-paying bank in the United States or Canadas received at par for subscriptions.

We have no travelling agents. Any one wishing to receive THE TRIBUNE need not wait to be called upon for his subscription. All that is necessary for him to do is to write a letter in as few words as possible, inclose the money, write the name of the subscriber, with his Post Office, County and State, and direct the letter to

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TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, presented at the last annual meeting, for sale at the office, 138 Nassau street, price 25 cents.

Miscellaneous Department.

From Dickens's Christmas Story. The Wreck of the Golden Mary.

THE OLD SEAMAN'S STORY.

An old seaman in the surf-boat sang this ballad as his story, to a curious sort of tuneful no-tune, which none of the rest could remember afterwards.

I have seen a fiercer tempest,
Known a louder whirlwind blow.
I was wreck'd off red Algiers,
Six and thirty years ago.
Young I was—and yet old seamen
Were not strong or calm as I;
While life held such treasures for me,
I felt sure I could not die.

Life I struggled for—and saved it:
Life alone and nothing more;
Bruised, half dead, alone and helpless,
I was cast upon the shore.
I fear'd the pitiless rocks of Ocean;
So the great sea rose—and then
Cast me from her friendly bosom,
On the pitiless hearts of men.

Gaunt and dreary ran the mountains
With black gorges up the land:
Up to where the lonely Desert
Spreads her burning dreary sand;
In the gorges of the mountains,
On the plain beside the sea,
Dwelt my stern and cruel masters,
The black Moors of Barbary.

Ten long years I toil'd among them,
Hopeless—as I used to say;
Now I know Hope burnt within me
Fiercer, stronger, day by day;
These dim years of toil and sorrow
Like one long dark dream appear:
One long day of weary waiting;
Then each day was like a year.

How I curst the land—my prison;
How I curst the serpent sea—
And the Demon Fate, that shower'd
All her curses upon me:
I was mad, I think—God pardon
Words so terrible and wild—
This voyage would have been my last one,
For I left a wife and child.

Never did one tender vision
Fade away before my sight,
Never once through all my slavery,
Burning day or dreary night;
In my soul it lived, and kept me,
Now I feel, from black despair,
And my heart was not quite broken,
While they lived and blest me there.

When at night my task was over,
I would hasten to the shore
(All was strange and foreign inland,
Nothing I had known before).
Strange look'd the bleak mountain passes,
Strange the red glare and black shade,
And the Oleanders, waving
To the sound the fountains made.

Then I gazed at the great Ocean,
Till she grew a friend again;
And because she knew old England,
I forgave her all my pain:
So the blue still sky above me,
With its white clouds' fleecy fold,
And the glimmering stars (though brighter),
Look'd like home and days of old.

And a calm would fall upon me:
Worn perhaps with work and pain,
The wild hungry longing left me,
And I was myself again:
Looking at the silver waters,
Looking up at the far sky,
Dreams of home and all I left there
Floated sorrowfully by.

A fair face, but pale with sorrow,
With blue eyes, brimful of tears,
And the little red mouth, quivering
With a smile, to hide its fears;
Holding out her baby towards me,
From the sky she look'd on me:
So it was that I last saw her,
As the ship put out to sea.

Sometimes (and a pang would seize me
That the years were floating on)
I would strive to paint her, alter'd,
And the little baby gone:
She no longer young and girlish,
The child, standing by her knee,
And her face, more pale and sadden'd
With the weariness for me.

Then I saw, as night grew darker,
How she taught my child to pray,
Holding its small hands together,
For its father, far away;
And I felt her sorrow, weighing
Heavier on me than mine own;
Pitying her blighted spring-time,
And her joy so early flown.

Till upon my hands (now harden'd
With the rough harsh toil of years)
Bitter drops of anguish, falling,
Woke me from my dream, to tears;
Woke me as a slave, an outcast,
Leagues from home, across the deep;
So—though you may call it childish—
So I sobb'd myself to sleep.

Well, the years sped on—my sorrow
Calmer, and yet stronger grown,
Was my shield against all suffering,
Poorer, meaner, than her own.
So my cruel master's harshness
Fell upon me all in vain,
Yet the tale of what we suffer'd
Echo'd back from main to main.

You have heard in a far country
Of a self-devoted band,
Vow'd to rescue Christian captives
Pining in a foreign land.
And these gentle-hearted strangers
Year by year go forth from Rome,
In their hands the hard-earn'd ransom
To restore some exiles home.

I was freed: they broke the tidings
Gently to me; but indeed
Hour by hour sped on, I knew not
What the words meant—I was freed!
Better so, perhaps, while sorrow
(More akin to earthly things)
Only strains the sad heart's fibres—
Joy, bright stranger, breaks the strings.

Yet at last it rush'd upon me,
And my heart beat full and fast;
What were now my years of waiting,
What was all the dreary past?
Nothing, to the impatient throbbing
I must bear across the sea:
Nothing to the eternal hours
Still between my home and me!

How the voyage pass'd, I know not;
Strange it was once more to stand,
With my countrymen around me,
And to clasp an English hand.
But, through all, my heart was dreaming
Of the first words I should hear,
In the gentle voice that echo'd,
Fresh as ever, on my ear.

Should I see her start of wonder,
And the sudden truth arise,
Flushing all her face and lightening
The doom'd splendour of her eyes?
O! to watch the fear and doubting
Stir the silent depths of pain,
And the rush of joy—then melting
Into perfect peace again.

And the child!—but why remember
Foolish fancies that I thought?
Every tree and every hedgerow
From the well-known past I brought:
I would picture my dear cottage,
See the crackling wood-fire burn,
And the two beside it, seated
Watching, waiting my return.

So, at last we reached the harbour,
I remember nothing more
Till I stood, my sick heart throbbing
With my hand upon the door.
Thus I paused—I heard her speaking;
Low, soft, murmuring words she said;
Then I first knew the dumb terror
I had had, lest she were dead.

It was evening in late autumn,
And the gusty winds blew chill;
Autumn leaves were falling round me,
And the red sun lit the hill.
Six and twenty years are vanish'd
Since then—I am old and gray—
But I never told to mortal
What I saw, until this day.

She was seated by the fire,
In her arms she held a child,
Whispering baby-words caressing,
And then, looking up, she smiled,
Smiled on him who stood beside her—
O! the bitter truth was told!
In her look of trusting fondness,
I had seen the look of old.

But she rose and turn'd towards me
(Cold and dumb I waited there),
With a shriek of fear and terror,
And a white face of despair.
He had been an ancient comrade—
Not a single word we said,
While we gazed upon each other,
He the living; I the dead!

I drew nearer, nearer to her,
And I took her trembling hand,
Looking on her white face, looking
That her heart might understand
All the love and all the pity
That my lips refused to say!
I thank God no thought save sorrow
Rose in our crush'd hearts that day.

Bitter tears that desolate moment,
Bitter, bitter tears we wept,
We three broken hearts together,
While the baby smiled and slept.
Tears alone—no words were spoken,
Till he—till her husband said,
That my boy (I had forgotten
The poor child), that he was dead.

Then at last, I rose, and, turning,
Wrung his hand, but made no sign;
And I stoop'd and kiss'd her forehead
Once more, as if she were mine.
Nothing of farewell I utter'd,
Save in broken words to pray
That God in his great love would bless her—
Then in silence pass'd away.

Over the great restless ocean
For twenty and six years I roam:
All my comrades, old and weary,
Have gone back to die at home.
Home! yes, I shall reach a haven—
I, too, shall reach home and rest;
I shall find her waiting for me
With our baby on her breast.

THE SCOTCH BOY'S STORY.

While the foregoing story was being told, I had kept my eye fixed on little Willy Lindsey, a young Scotch boy (one of the two apprentices), who had been recommended to Captain Ravender's care by a friend in Glasgow; and very sad it was to see the expression of his face. All the early part of the voyage he had been a favourite in the ship. The ballads he sang, and the curious old stories he told, made him a popular visitor in the cabin, no less than among the people. Though only entered as apprentice seaman, Captain Ravender had kept him as much about him as he could; and I am bold to say, the lad's affection for Captain Ravender was as sincere as if he had been one of his own blood. Even before the wreck, a change had taken place in his manner. He grew silent and thoughtful. Mrs. Atherfield and Miss Coleshaw, who had been very kind to him, observed the alteration, and bantered him on the melancholy nature of the songs he sang to them, and the sad air with which he went about the duties of the vessel. I asked him if anything had occurred to make him dull; but he put me off with a laugh, and at last told me that he was thinking about his home; for, said he, a certain anniversary was coming soon; "and may be I'll tell you," he added, "why the expectation of it makes me so sorrowful."

He was a nice, delicate, almost feminine-looking boy, of sixteen or seventeen; the son of a small farmer in Ayrshire, as Captain Ravender's Glasgow friend had told him, and, as usual with his countrymen, a capital hand at letters and accounts. He had brought with him a few books, chiefly of the wild and supernatural kind; and it seemed as if he had given way to his imagination more than was quite healthy, perhaps, for the other faculties of his mind. But we all set down his delight and belief in ghost stories and such like, to the superstition of his country, where the folks seem to make up for being the most matter-of-fact people in Europe in the affairs of this world, by being the wildest and most visionary inquirers into the affairs of the next. Willy had been useful to all departments on board. The steward had employed him at his ledger, Captain Ravender at his reckonings, and as to the passengers, they had made quite a friend and companion of the youth.

So I watched his looks, as I've said before, and I now beckoned Willy to come to my side, that I might keep him as warm as I could. At first he either did not perceive my signal, or was too apathetic or too deep sunk in his own thoughts to act upon it. But the carpenter, who sat next him, seeing my motion, helped him across the boat, and I put my arm around his shoulders.

"Bear up, Willy," I said, "you're young and strong, and, with the help of Heaven, we shall all live to see our friends again."

The boy's eye brightened with hope for a moment; then he shook his head and said:

"You're very kind to say so, sir; but it canna be—at least for me."

The night was now fast closing in, but there was still light enough to see his face. It was quite calm, and wore a sort of smile. Everybody listened to hear what the poor laddie said; and I whispered to him:

"You promised to tell me why you were depressed by the coming of an anniversary, Willy. When is it?"

"It's to-night," he said, with a solemn voice. "And O! how different this is from what it used to be! It's the birth-day o' my sister Jean."

"Come, tell us all about it," I said. "May be, speaking it out openly will ease your mind. Here, rest on my shoulder. Now say on."

We all tried to catch his words, and he began:

"Its two years ago, this very day, since we had such a merry night of it in my father's house at home. He was a farmer in a sma' way up among the hills above the Doon; and had the lands on a good tack, and was thought a richer man than any of his neighbours. There was only Jean and me o' the family; and I'm thinking nobody was ever so happy or well cared for as I was a' the time I was young. For my mither would let me want for nothing, and took me on her knee and tauld me lang histories o' the Bruce and Wallace; and strange adventures with the warlocks; and sang me a' Burns' songs, forbye reading me the grand auld stories out o' the Bible, about the death o' Goliath and the meeting o' King Saul and the Witch of Endor. Jean was a kind o' mither to me, too; for she was five years older, and spoilt me as much as she could. She was so bonny, it was a pleasure to look at her; and she helpit in the dairy, and often milkt the cows hersel'; and in the Winter nights sat by the side o' the bleezy fire, and turned the reel or span, keepin' time wi' some lang ballad about cruel Ranken coming in and killing Lady Margaret; or the ship that sailed away to Norway wi' Sir Patrick Spence, and sank wi' all the crew. The schoolmaster came up, when he was able, to gi'e me lessons; and, as the road was long, and the nights were sometimes dark, it soon grew into the common custom for him to come up ow'r the hills on Friday, when the school was skailt, and stay till the Monday morning. He was a young man that had been intended for a minister, but the college expenses had been too much, and he had settled down as the parish teacher at Shalloch: and we always called him Dominie Blair. All the week through, we looked for the Dominie's coming. Jean and I used to go and meet him at the bend o' the hill, where he came off from the high-road, and he began his lessons to me in botany the moment we turned towards home. I noticed that he aye required the specimens that grew at the side o' the burns that ran down valleys a good way off; but I was very vain of my running and used to rush down the gully and gather the flower or weed, and overtake the two before they had walked on a mile. So you see, sir, it was na lang before it was known all over the country side that Dominie Blair was going to marry my sister Jean. Everybody thought it a capital match, for Jean had beauty and siller, and Mr. Blair was the cleverest man in the country, and had the promise of the mastership of a school in the East country, with ninety pounds a-year. Our house grew happier now than ever; and when Jean's birthday came round, there was a gathering from far and near to do honour to the bonniest and kindest lass in all the parish. The minister himsel' came up on his pony, and drank prosperity to the young folks at the door; and inside at night there was a supper for all the neighbours, and John Chalmers played on the fiddle, and a' the rest of us sang songs, and danced and skirled like mad; and at last, when Jean's health was drank, with many wishes for her happiness, up she gets and lays her arms around my auld mither's neck, and bursts out into a great passion of tears; and when she recovered herself, she said she would never be so happy anywhere else, and that weel or ill, dead or alive—in the body or in the spirit—she would aye come back on that night, and look in on the hame where she had spent sae sunshiny a life. Some o' them laughed at the wild affection she showed; and some took it seriously, and thought she had tied herself down by ow'r solemn a bargain; but in a wee while the mirth and frolicking gaed on as before, and all the company confessed it was the happiest evening they had ever spent in their lives. Do you ken Loch Luart, sir?—a wee bit water that stretches across between the Lureloch and the Breelen? Ah! the grand shadows that pass along it when you stand on the north side and look over to the hill. There's a great blackness settled upon the face as if the sun had died away from the heavens altogether, till when he comes round the corner o' the mountain, a glorious procession o' sunbeams and colours taks its course across the whole length o' the water, and all the hill sides give out a kind of glow, and at last the loch seems all on fire, and you can scarcely look at it for the brightness. A small skiff was kept at the side, for it saved the shepherds miles o' steep climbing to get from flock to flock, as it cut off two or three miles o' the distance between our house and Shalloch. One Friday, soon after the merry meeting at Jean's birthday, she set off as usual to meet Mr. Blair. How far she went, or where she met him, nobody could tell, for nothing was ever seen or heard o' them from that day to this; only the skiff on Loch Luart was found keel up, and the prints o' feet that answered to their size, were seen on the wet bank. Nothing wad persuade my mother for many a day that she wasna coming back. When she heard a step at the door, she used to flush up with a great redness in her cheek, and run to let her in. Then when she saw it was a stranger, she left the door open and came back into the kitchen without sayin' a word. My father spoke very little, but sometimes he seemed to forget that Jean was taken away, and called for her to come to him in a cheery voice, as he used to do; and then, wi' a sudden shake o' his head, he remembered that she was gone, and passed away to his work as if his heart was broken. And other things came on to disturb him now, for some bank, or railway, or something o' the kind, where he had bought some shares, failed with a great crash, and he was called on to make up the loss; and he grew careless about everything that happened, and the horses and carts were seized for debt, and a' the cows, except two, were taken away, and the place began to go to wrack and ruin; and at last Jean's birthday cam' round again. But we never spoke about it the whole day long, though none of the three thought of anything else. My father pretended to be busy in the field; my mother span—never letting the thread out o' her hand; and as for me, I wandered about the hills from early morning, and only came back when the dark night began. All through the lengthening hours we sat and never spoke; but sometimes my father put a fresh supply of peats upon the fire, and stirred it up into a blaze, as if it pleased him to see the great sparkles flying up the chimney. At last my mother, all of a sudden, ceased her spinning, and said, 'Hark! do you no' hear somebody outside?' And we listened without getting up from our seats. We heard a sound as if somebody was slipping by on tip-toe on the way to the Byre; and then we heard a low, wailing sound, as if the person was trying to restrain some great sorrow; and immediately we heard the same footstep, as if it were lost in snow, coming up to the house. My mither stood up wi' her hand stretched out, and looked at the window. Outside the pane—where the rose-tree has grown sae thick it half hides the lower half—we heard a rustling, as if somebody was putting aside the leaves, and then, when a sudden flicker o' the flame threw its light upon the casement, we saw the faint image o' a bonny pale face—very sad to look on—wi' lang tresses o' yellow hair hanging straight down the cheeks, as if it was dripping wet, and heard low, plaintive sobs; but nothing that we could understand. My mither ran forward, as if to embrace the visitor, and cried, 'Jean! Jean! O, let me speak to you, my bairn!' But the flame suddenly died away in the grate, and we saw nothing mair. But we all knew now that Jean had been drowned in Loch Luart, and that she minded the promise she had made to come and see the auld house upon her birthday."

Here the boy paused in his narrative for a moment, and I felt his breath coming and going very quick, as if his strength was getting rapidly exhausted.

"Rest a while, Willy," I said, "and try, if you can, to sleep."

But nothing could restrain him from finishing his tale.

"Na, na! I canna rest upon your arm, sir. I ha'e wark to do, and it maun be done this night—wae's me! I didna think, last year at this time, that ever I wad be here." He looked round with a shudder at the coiling waves that rose high at the side of the boat, and shut out the faint glimmer that still lingered on the horizon line. "So Jean was drowned, ye see," he continued; "and couldna put foot inside—for a' they can do is to look in and see what's doing at the auld fireside through the window. But even this was a comfort to my mither; and as I saw how glad it made her to have this assurance that she wasna forgotten, I made her the same promise that Jean had done on her birthday: ill or weel, happy or miserable, in the body or in the spirit—I wad find my way to the farm-house, and gi'e her some sign that I loved her as I had always done. And now I ken what they're doing as if I was at hame. They're sitting sad and lonely in the silent kitchen. My father puts fresh peats upon the grate, and watches their flame as it leaps and crackles up the fireplace; and my mither—Ah!"—here he stretched forward as if to see some object before him more distinctly—"ah! she's spinning, spinning as if to keep herself from thinking—and tears are running down her face; and I see the cheery fire, and the heather bed in the corner, and the round table in the middle, and the picture o' Abraham and Isaac on the wall, and my fishing-rod hung up aboon the mantelpiece, and my herding-staff, and my old blue bonnet. But how cold it is, sir," he went on, turning to me; "I felt a touch on my shoulder just now that made me creep as if the hand were ice; and I looked up and saw the same face we had noticed last year; and I feel the clammy fingers yet, and they go downward—downward, chilling me a' the way till my blood seems frozen, and I canna speak. O, for anither look at the fire and the warm cosy room, and my father's white head, and my puir auld mither's een!"

So saying, he tried to rise, and seemed to be busy putting aside something that interfered with his view. "The rose-tree!" he said; "it's thicker than ever, and I canna see clear!" At last, he appeared to get near the object he sought; and, after altering his position, as if to gain a perfect sight, he said: "I see them a' again. O, mither! turn your face this way, for ye see I've kept my word; and we're both here. Jean's beside me, and very cold—and we darena come in." He watched for about a minute, still gazing intently, and then, with a joyous scream, he exclaimed: "She sees me—she sees me! Did na ye hear her cry? O mither, mither! tak' me to your arms, for I'm chilled wi' the salt water, and naething will make me warm again."

I tightened my hold of poor Willy as he spoke, for he gradually lost his power, and at last lay speechless with his head on my shoulder. I concealed from the rest the sad event that occurred in a few minutes, and kept the body hidden till the darkest part of the night, closely wrapped in my cloak.

THE LIVE OAKERS.

From "Audubon, the Naturalist of the New World."

Throughout the most part of the so-called forests of East Florida, there exist districts which, thinly clad with woodlands, having an undergrowth of grass and shrubs, interspersed with a few, tall pines, are denominated Pine Barrens. The sole objects which here diversify the continuous flatness of the soil are a few sluggish pools, around which the cattle congregate to allay their thirst, and the various kinds of game abundant in their wilds. After a course of miles over these dreary barrens, the traveller is delighted to behold again the sight of sheltering vegetation in wide-spreading-oaks and other trees. In their vicinity the air is purer and more cool, luxuriant flowers diffuse their fragrance, the songs of birds reecho through their shade, and already he seems refreshed at the sight, even of a clear spring, of which the waters are heard rippling through the undergrowth.

Then beneath the covert of innumerable vines, he may seek a pleasant resting-place, above which the jassamine and bignonia fondly intertwine.

Presently he sees the wood-cutters, who, lightly attired, shouldering their bright axes, proceed to their toils. On the opposite sides of some far-spreading oak they station themselves, while, with continuous blows of their keen-edged implements, they strive to cleave its mossy far-shooting roots. One of their companions ascends another tree stem. Proceeding cautiously, he climbs to the height of perhaps forty feet from the ground, then stops—measures himself on the trunk of which he boldly stands, and wields with strong muscular arm his well-tempered steel, till soon the trunk remains connected only by a thin stripe. Then shaking with all his might, the huge log is seen to swing, suddenly give way, and striking the earth with its weight, the crash of its fall is heard to reëcho throughout the neighbouring space. Then, when the wood-cutter has slidden by the aid of a grapevine to the ground, the rest of his party congregate to examine the fallen trunk.

This they cut at either end, and if it is proved sound, they proceed to take its measurement, and lay out the timber for use by the aid of models, showing the different forms and sizes required. On the discovery of a good plantation, the cutters, or Live Oakers as they are called, build themselves log dwellings, in which to slumber by night, and take their repast by day; having generally an excellent provision of beef, biscuits, rice, fish and some genuine whiskey. Arriving from the eastern and middle districts, they annually visit the Floridas. During Summer they return to their families, but at the approach of Winter again set forth for their toils, from the first of December to the beginning of March being the season for cutting. Sometimes strange misadventures befall them on their journeyings, when fogs so dense are accustomed to overspread the country, as to make it impossible to see further than thirty or forty yards onwards. In the monotony of woods, moreover, where the trees present exact resemblances to each other, and the grass is so tall that a man of ordinary stature cannot see over it, so difficult is it to follow even a well-known track, that the most practised woodsman is not unfrequently bewildered. A Live Oaker of East Florida, employed on St. John's River, left one day his cabin on the banks of that stream, to proceed to the swamps where he was accustomed to labour.

After travelling some hours, he felt convinced he must have passed the spot proposed.

On the dispersion of the fog, he beheld with astonishment the sun at meridian height, and dismayed, found himself unable to recognise a single object around. Resolved then to pursue a different course, he turned his back to the sun. Gradually as time past, he saw him descend in the west, and still all about him continued a mystery. The huge gray trees spread their quaint boughs, the rank grass extended on all sides, not a living being crossed his path, all was silent and still—like a dull and dreary dream of the land of oblivion. On, on, he wandered like a forgotten ghost, which failing to reach the spirit land, unheeded by the grim ferryman, lingering still upon the Stygian shore. The hope of extrication heightened his imagination. Each fresh object he fancied he could recognise, and searching for land-marks, wandered in reality still further from the right course.

As evening approached, myriads of insects buzzed through the air. The squirrel retired to his hole, the crow to its roost, the harsh croaking of the heron told that, full of anxiety, it sought its retreat in the miry interior of some distant swamp, the woods resounded to the shrill cries of the owl, and all nature warned the wanderer to seek some place of refuge, as the breeze sweeping through the forest came laden with heavy dews. No moon appeared to irradiate the scene and cheer the solitude with silvery light, which, "kissing dead things to life," sheds beauty over all. The lost one, despairing and weary, laid himself on the damp ground, to wait with feverish anxiety the return of day, his sole consolation, prayer to that Being ever peculiarly mindful of the disconsolate and distressed. Dawn brought a return of the fog which had so misled the wanderer on the preceding day.

With heavy heart he continued his way, which seemed at every step still more a labyrinth than before. Bewildered with fatigue and misery, well-nigh despairing, onward he sped, now without the most faintly marked track to guide him, till night closed again upon his path. Terror then took possession of him, while the debility arising from his toils and sufferings prostrated him beneath his anguish, at the dreadful reality of his situation, increased too by the horrors of an excited fancy.

That he should be left alone there to perish of agony and hunger—such he felt assured would be his fate. Almost frantic at the supposition, beating his breast and tearing his hair, he threw himself down, famished as he was, to feed on the weeds and grass around. Another night was passed in indescribable misery. More than fifty miles he had traversed without meeting a single brook from which to quench his thirst, or allay the burning fever of his parched lips. One day among the Barrens, he caught sight of a tortoise. Although convinced that were he to follow it, he must at length find some water, such was the fearful craving of his thirst and hunger, that he was compelled at once to gratify both, by eating its flesh and drinking its blood.

The following morning, somewhat refreshed, he renewed his endless march. The sun rose brightly, and he followed the direction of its shadows. Day after day, weeks even passed, and the poor Live Oaker still toiled hopelessly on, feeding on weed, frogs, or snakes.

Gradually he became more and more emaciated, till at last he could scarcely crawl. After the lapse of forty days he reached the banks of a river. There reposing, he awaited the endurance of his last hour, unmitigated by human sympathy or human health. With the ebbing consciousness of reality around, more busy became the dreams of fancy. Borne upon its wings were reminiscences strange and sweet. His friends, his home, his youth, hours of delight and days long past crowded upon his thought—when amidst the visions of returning joy, the sounds of oars seemed to fall on the silent river. He listened, but the sounds soon died away on his fainting ears. Was it the delusion of a dying hour? Again he listened, eagerly, and again came the plash of oars. It was a reality—a saving reality, for now when the light of life was about to be quenched forever in the poor wanderer, the quickening fulness of returning hope, a sudden joy to the sinking spirit renewed its vitality. Human voices in exclamation thrilled the sufferer's heart, as round the headland covered with tangled brush-wood the little boat, pushed by its hardy rowers, boldly advanced. A scream of joy and fear falls upon their ears. They pause and look around. Again it comes, but more feebly than before. At length they behold the wanderer, whose strange and terrible appearance they could scarcely recognize as human.

With tattered garments, hanging like rags about him, his face obscured by his neglected beard, his hair matted and his emaciated frame covered only by shrivelled skin, like a skeleton with parchment, there he lay with fluttering heart, gasping breath and reeling brain. Yet the lost one was soon regained, and, soon restored to the loving hearts and kindly solicitude of home, in renewed health and happiness often in after years gratefully told the tale of his adventure, and excited the sympathy of his listeners by the painful recital of his sufferings.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FEMALE SLAVE.

And here comes another story of slavery and the South: "The Autobiography of a Female Slave." Of all the books which have yet appeared, this seems to glow with the most impassioned indignation. It seems to come from the heart and soul, and even blood, of the author. It evinces acquaintance with Southern life and manners which mere imagination could not give, and, with the most earnest sympathy for the slave, it shows intimate acquaintance with negro character, manners and expression; at least, we judge so, from the ease with which the scenes are painted, and the quiet naturalness of the negro dialogues. Whatever faults it may have of art or inexperience, it has none of tediousness or dullness; it is written with an intensity and vitality which are but too well sustained, for the reader that thoroughly begins cannot but go on; and when the end is reached, he is exhausted, and out of breath. Plainly, the writer is young, and has not yet the skill to manage all the impulses of passion and of power. Accordingly, there are pages of vehement eloquence which excite every faculty—tones again of tenderness which soothe them—fine touches of reality, which bring us back to simple life; but incidents, too, there are, which seem extravagant, sentiments which seem artificial, and phraseology which will not bear too severe a criticism. But through the whole book there is one unbroken life of earnestness, generosity and simplicity of purpose. This is the interest of the book, its unity, and its worth.

The plot is uncomplicated. The autobiography of the greatest human life had not many folds—how few, then, must be in that of a slave, and especially in that of a female slave. The larger part of the slave experience of Ann, the heroine, is on the plantation of a Mr. Peterkin, a coarse and cruel man; and the distinctive matter of the book consists in pictures of life on this plantation. We have no space for details, and they would be to no purpose; for to judge the book rightly, it must be read. The characters are well introduced, well grouped and contrasted; in most instances, the effect is striking and dramatic. There is the gross and ignorant planter; his son, a noble-hearted, inspired boy; his two daughters, wilful, proud and cruel; the Yankee schoolmistress, timid and conforming; the plantation doctor, bland to the master and brutal to the slaves; the young Northerner, aristocratic, anti-slavery, brave and wealthy; the young Southerner, not unlike him in nature—but the Northerner would not be rude to a woman, though a slave; the Southerner, too, would be kind to her, would not hurt her with his own hand for the world; but to please his wife, gives her over to the lash of a menial. The negro characters we think the most natural, and the most truly drawn.

The character of the heroine may seem a contradiction to this position; but we think it the best confirmation of it. The writer, possibly, without intending it, did really create a very natural person. On the surface, we should ask, How does it come that this slave-girl has such superfine style, such correct grammar, so well arranged a rhetoric, so many poetic phrases and allusions? How did a slave-girl acquire these? All this is unnatural, the surface-reader will say. The few opportunities she had—the hasty and hidden snatches of study could not give it to her. We say it is profoundly natural, and altogether borne out by fact. The self-taught, the irregularly educated are ever sensitive about being conventionally correct. They usually write or speak, too, with aspiration, and this, often eloquent, is at times extravagant. Those who have been systematically trained are fearless, and understand the secret of daring faults. You may find solecisms in Daniel Webster—you will find none in Frederick Douglass; you may be shocked at rudeness in Carlyle, but all is smooth in Hugh Miller. Disciplined power, also, does not *strive*; it raises naturally from the level of conscious strength. Withal, there is an aptitude in the negro blood for emotion, and all that expresses it; for music, for poetic sentiment, for expressive language, for the religious and the ideal.

We must read such books as this in the meaning of their life; we must not deal too rigidly with their failings of construction, but we must pluck out the *heart* of their mystery, and inquire whence they, and why they come. It is useless to declaim against them. They will come forth while instinct and sentiment are what nature makes them. This is not a matter of convention; it has been ever so. Slavery can kill literature, it can never create it. Attempts many have been made at the South to enlist the interest of letters in favour of slave institutions; but even in the South they have all died out; with talent, money, fanaticism, interest, favour, newspaper, magazine, review, novel, when fed only by zeal for slavery, have expired peacefully, and, without leaving mark or sigh, went away into the silent infinite. The idea of making slavery give life to literature suggests illustrations which are so ludicrous that we forbear to use them. The very idea itself implies so much that is melancholy that mirth turns into sadness, and we feel that to be satirical would be unfeeling. When hopeless and hereditary bondage—when the lash and the auction-block—when desolated homes and broken hearts shall be the inspiration of books which men shall admire, and women shall glorify—when the song shall be of Sambo going down the river—when the ballad shall be, not of "Chevy Chase," among rival clans of the mountains, but of "Cushy Chase," by rival slavehunters with their bloodhounds—when eloquence succeeds in showing that the love of liberty is not an implanted impulse, an eternal right, but the ingenuity of cunning, and the supremacy of the strong, then will the divine be dead in mind and man; then will the fight on Charlestown heights be an old wife's dream; then will the Bunker Hill leap from its foundation, and drown itself in the waters of the Massachusetts Bay.—*Christian Inquirer.*

CHATTERTON.

The following account of the whole of the proceedings at the inquest which was held at the Three Crows, Brook street, Holborn, on Friday, August 27, 1770, before Swinson Carter, Esq., and ten jurymen, whose names are mentioned, is from a MS. copy.

I am not acquainted with any printed work which contains a report of the inquest. It is not in the large collection of Chatterton's *Works* and *Lives*, and the innumerable newspapers and magazine cuttings, which fill several volumes, and which belonged to Mr. Haslewood; nor is it in Barrett's *Bristol*, or Herbert Croft's *Love and Madness*:

Account of the Inquest held on the body of Thomas Chatterton, deceased, at the Three Crows, Brook-street, Holborn, on Friday, the 27th August, 1770, before Swinson Carter, Esq., and the following jury: Charles Skinner, ——— Meres, John Hollier, John Park, S. G. Doran, Henry Dugdale, G. J. Hillsley, C. Sheen, E. Manley, C. Moore, ——— Nevett.

Mary Angell, sack-maker, of No. 17 Brook street, Holborn, deposed, that the deceased came to lodge at her house about nine or ten weeks ago; he took the room below the garret; he always slept in the same room; he was always very exact in his payments to her; and at one time, when she knew that he had paid her all the money he had in the world, she offered him six pence back, which he refused to take, saying, "I have that here (pointing to his forehead) which will get me more." He used to sit up nearly all night, and she frequently found his bed untouched in the morning, when she went to make it; she knew that, he always bought his loaves—one of which lasted him a week—as stale as possible, that they might last the longer; and, two days before his death, he came home in a great passion with the baker's wife, who had refused to let him have another loaf until he paid her three shillings and six pence, which he owed her previously. He, the deceased, appeared unusually grave on the 28th of August; and, on her asking him what ailed him, he answered, pettishly, "Nothing, nothing—why do you ask?" On the morning of the 24th August, he lay in bed longer than usual; got up about ten o'clock, and went out with a bundle of paper under his arm, which he said "was a treasure to any one, but there were so many fools in the world that he would put them in a place of safety, lest they should meet with accident." He returned about seven in the evening, looking very pale and dejected; and would not eat anything, but sat moping by the fire with his chin on his knees, and muttering rhymes in some old language to her. Witness saw him for the last time when he got up to go to bed; he then kissed her—a thing he never done in his life before—and went up stairs, stamping at every stair as he went slowly up, as if he would break it. Witness stated that he did not come down next morning, but she was not alarmed, as he had lain longer than usual on the day before; but at eleven o'clock, Mrs. Wolfe, a neighbour's wife, coming in, they went and listened at the door, and tried to open it, but it was locked. At last, they got a man who was near to break it open; and they found him lying on the bed with his legs hanging over, quite dead; the bed had not been lain on. The floor was covered all over with little bits of paper; and on one piece the man read, in deceased's handwriting, "I leave my soul to its Maker, my body to my mother and sister, and my curse to Bristol. If Mr. Ca . . . ." The rest was torn off. The man then said he must have killed himself, which we did not think till then, not having seen the poison till an hour after. Deceased was very proud, but never unkind to any one. I do not think he was quite right in his mind lately. The man took away the paper, and I have not been able to find him out.

Frederick Angell deposed to the fact of deceased lodging at their house; was from home when deceased was found. Always considered him something wonderful, and was sometimes afraid he would go out of his mind. Deceased often came home very melancholy; and, on his asking him the reason, he said, "Hamilton has deceived me"; but could get no more from him. Deceased was always writing to his mother or sister, of whom he appeared to be very fond. I never knew him in liquor, and never saw him drink anything but water.

Edwin Cross, apothecary, Brook street, Holborn. Knew the deceased well from the time he came to live with Mrs. Angell in the same street. Deceased used generally to call on him every time he went by his door, which was usually two or three times a day. Deceased used to talk a great deal about physic, and was very inquisitive about the nature of different poisons. I often asked him to take a meal with us, but he was so proud that I could never but once prevail on him, though I knew he was half-starving. One evening he did stay, when I unusually pressed him. He talked a great deal, but all at once became silent, and looked quite vacant. He used to go very often to Falcon Court, Fleet street, to a Mr. Hamilton, who printed a magazine; but who, he said, was using him very badly. I once recommended him to return to Bristol, but he only heaved a deep sigh, and begged me, with tears in his eyes, never to mention the hated name again. He called on me on the 24th August, about half-past eleven in the morning, and bought some arsenic, which he said was for an experiment. About the same time next day, Mrs. Wolfe ran in for me, saying, deceased had killed himself. I went to his room, and found him quite dead. On his window was a bottle containing arsenic and water; some of the little bits of arsenic were between his teeth. I believe, if he had not killed himself, he would soon have died of starvation; for he was too proud to ask of any one. Witness always considered deceased as an astonishing genius.

Anne Wolfe, of Brook street. Witness lived three doors from Mrs. Angell's; knew the deceased well; always thought him very proud and haughty. She sometimes thought him crazed. She saw him one night walking up and down the street at twelve o'clock, talking loud, and occasionally stopping, as if to think on something. One day he came in to buy some curls, which he said he wanted to send his sister; but he could not pay the price, and went away seemingly much mortified. On the 25th August, Mrs. Angell asked her to go up stairs with her to Thomas's room: they could make no one hear. And, at last, being frightened, they got a man who was going by to break open the door, when they found him dead on the bed. The floor was covered with little bits of paper, and the man who was with them picked up several, and took them away with him. Verdict—*Felo de se.*

EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

At ten minutes past ten they reached the foot of the scaffold. It had been erected in front of the palace of the Tuileries, in the square called after Louis XV., and near the spot where stood the statue of the most impure of kings—a king who died tranquilly in his bed. The condemned man was three minutes descending from the carriage. Upon quitting the temple he had refused the redingote which Cléry had offered him, and now appeared in a brown coat, white waistcoat, gray breeches, and white stockings. His hair was not disordered, nor was any change perceptible in his countenance. The Abbé Firmont was dressed in black. A large open space had been kept round the scaffold, with cannon ranged on all sides, while beyond, as far as the eye could reach, stood an unarmed multitude. The executioner had opened the door of the coach, and descending, Louis fixed his eyes upon the soldiers, who surrounded him, and with a terrible voice cried, "Silence!" The drums ceased to beat, but at a signal from the officer, the drummers again went on. "What treason is this?" he shouted. "I am lost! I am lost!" For it was evident that up to this moment he had been clinging to hope. The executioners now approached to take off a part of his clothes; he repulsed them fiercely, and himself removed the collar from his neck. But all the blood in his body seemed to be turned into fire when they sought to tie his hands. "Tie my hands!" he shrieked. A struggle was inevitable; it came. It is indisputable, says Mercier, that Louis fought with his executioners. The Abbe Edgeworth stood by, perplexed, horrified, speechless. At last, as his master seemed to look inquiringly at him, he said, "Sir, in this additional outrage I only see a last trait of the resemblance between your majesty and the God who will give you your reward." At these words, the indignation of the man gave way to the humility of the Christian, and Louis said to the executioners, "I will drain the cup to the dregs." They tied his hands, they cut off his hair, and then, leaning on the arm of his confessor, he began, with a slow tread and sinking demeanour, to mount the steps, then very steep, of the guillotine. Upon the last step, however, he seemed suddenly to rouse, and walked rapidly across to the other side of the scaffold; when, by a sign commanding silence, he exclaimed, "I die innocent of the crimes imputed to me." His face was now very red, and, according to the narrative of his confessor, his voice was so loud that it could be heard through the streets as far as the Pont-Tournant. Some other expressions were distinctly heard, "I pardon the authors of my death, and I pray Heaven that the blood you are about to shed may never be visited upon France." He was about to continue, when his voice was drowned by the renewed rolling of the drums, at a signal which, it is affirmed, was given by the comedian Dugayon, in anticipation of the orders of Saterre. "Silence! be silent!" cried Louis XVI., losing all self-control, and stamping violently with his foot. Richard, one of the executioners, then seized a pistol, and took aim at the king. It was necessary to drag him along by force. With difficulty fastened to the fatal plank, he continued to utter horrible cries, only interrupted by the fall of the knife, which instantly struck off his head. Samson raised it aloft, and showed it to the people. And the people shouted, "Long live the Republic!"—*Louis Blanc's History of the French Revolution.*

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

The following letter from the pen of James, the novelist, appears in the last *Southern Literary Messenger*:

British Consulate, Richmond,
November 17, 1856.

My Dear Sir: In some late numbers of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, I have seen renewed a discussion which began and terminated in London many years ago, in regard to the originality of the celebrated poem of Mr. Wolfe on the Burial of Sir John Moore.

The poem is undoubtedly his own; and was never denied but in jest.

Not long after Mr. Bentley, the well-known publisher, started his *Miscellany*, the very beautiful French imitation (for translation it can hardly be called) which you have reprinted, appeared in that periodical, with a few lines in prose impugning Mr. Wolfe's claim to originality. Most people moving in literary circles well understood that the whole matter was a mere joke; but it gave pain to some of Mr. Wolfe's surviving friends; and happening to sup with the author of the imitation, known to the public by the name of Father Prout, I mentioned the fact to him. I know not whether he has ever given his real name to the world, but suffice it that he was a clergyman of the Church of Rome, a most erudite, and also a most amiable man, the last person in the world intentionally to inflict a wound upon any one.

He told me he had been grieved to hear some time before that he had given pain; and he proposed to correct any wrong impression, not by a bold avowal of the jest, but by carrying it on to such a pitch as to make it refute itself.

His plan was, to write several notices of the poem in the character of different literary men, each claiming the origin for a different nation, and each giving a version of Mr. Wolfe's poem in a different language. He showed me two, if not three, of these versions, which he had already written. One, if I remember right—for I speak of things that occurred many years ago—was in German and one in Greek; and each was as perfect and as spirited as the imitation in French. Whether he ever carried out his intention of publishing these in the way proposed, I do not know; for, a few days after that pleasant and memorable evening, I left England and was absent for some years; but the marvellous combination of learning, genius and wit in Father Prout, can never be forgotten by,

Dear sir, yours faithfully,
G. P. R. James.

Old Trees.—Of trees now remaining, the venerable cypress tree at Somma, in Lombardy, has a longer historical existence than any other tree of which we have read, if it be true, as is alleged, that a chronicle of Milan shows it to have been standing in the time of Julius Cæsar. The tradition of the place, however, is, that it was planted in the year of the birth of Christ, on which account it was reverenced by the inhabitants, and was spared by Napoleon himself, when he laid down the plan of his great road over the Simplon. We are not aware of any other existing trees to which either history or tradition assigns a greater age than twelve hundred years, but there are many which are estimated by naturalists to be much older.

Of existing Continental trees with historical associations, we may mention the orange tree in the Orangery at Versailles, known under the three names of Grand Connetable, Francois I. and Grand Bourbon; but this royally descended as well as titled tree seems quite overshadowed when mentioned with the memorable cypress of Lombardy. However, it has a curious history, to the following effect: It comes from some pippins of a tree of bitter oranges planted at the commencement of the fifteenth century, by Eleanor of Castile, wife of Charles III., King of Navarre. The trees raised were preserved, down to A. D. 1489, at Pampeluna, and afterwards passed to different owners as rare and precious objects, and at length to the Constable de Bourbon, who kept them at his Chateau de Chantelle, in the Bourbonnais, until 1522, when, on the confiscation of his property, the orange trees were sent to decorate the Palace of Fontainebleau, then restored and enlarged by Francois I. In 1684, when Louis XIV. had finished Versailles and its magnificent Orangery, he collected there all the orange trees preserved in the royal residences; and, accordingly, the time-honoured orange trees of Pampeluna, then two centuries and a half old, were ultimately removed to Versailles. The Grand Connetable, the most remarkable of them, is still quite vigorous.

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